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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

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BLUE WRAPPERS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Papers sent in a blue wrapper this week indicate that the subscription has expired; it is necessary to forward the new subscription at once to insure the regular receipt of the paper.

**AQUATIC SPORTS—THE TEN MILE BOAT RACE
AT POUGHKEEPSIE.**

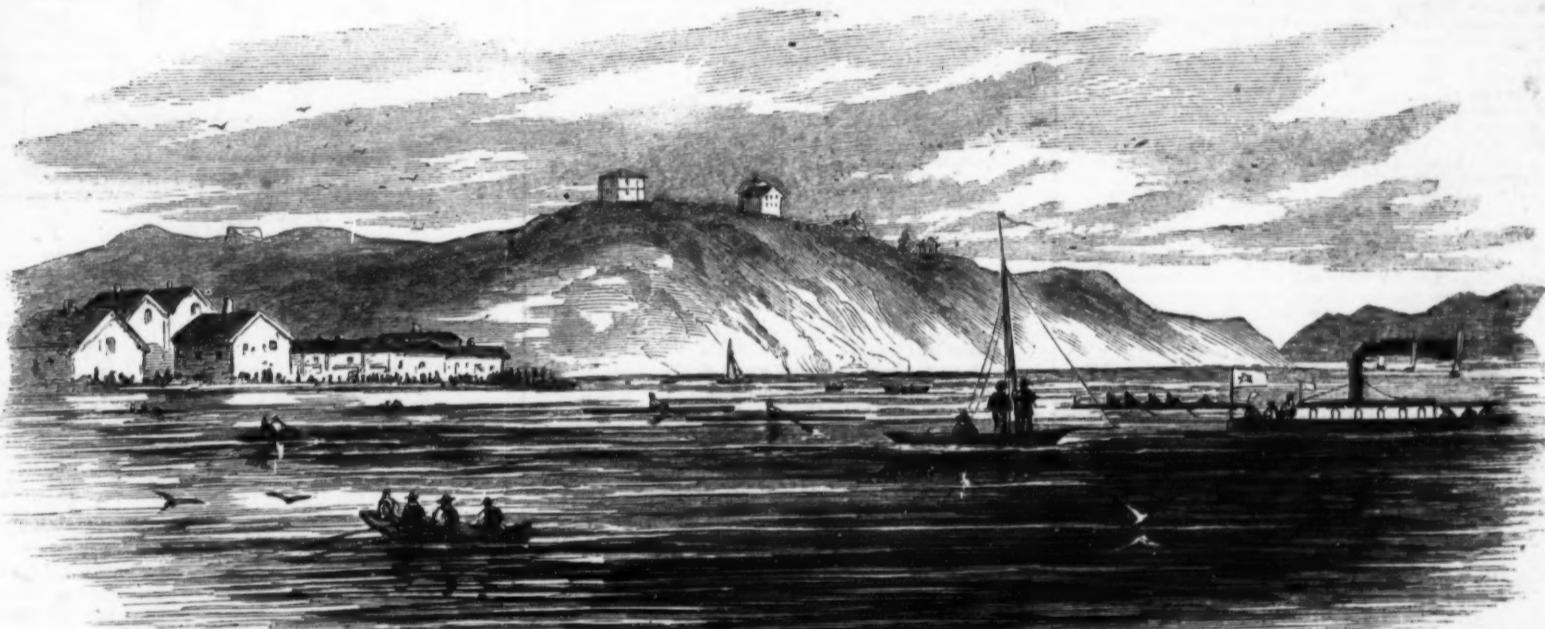
Our up the river friends have been greatly excited for a few days past by the coming contest between Joshua Ward, of Poughkeepsie, the Champion Oarsman of America, and William Berger, of Newburg, whose skill and endurance warranted his friends in the belief that he was a match worthy even of the Champion. The challenge came from Berger, to all America, to row ten miles, the stakes being a sum of money and the Cham-

pionship. Joshua Ward's friends having profound confidence in his invulnerability, put up the sum necessary, five hundred dollars, and prevailed upon him to take up the challenge. All the preliminaries were arranged, and the match came off on Monday last, November 5th. The start was from Poughkeepsie, the course being twice around that rowed at the recent regatta at that city.

The warning signal was given at three p. m., Berger gaining the advantage of a boat's length in the start. This slight difference was soon, however, overcome by Ward, and the men rowed for miles nearly side by side. Nearly two thousand persons, from all parts along the river, were present to witness the race. A barge, filled with persons, steamed up and down the river. This was mostly filled with ladies. The Poughkeepsie crew, in their four-oared boat, rowed alongside of their champion, and cheered him on, while the Newburgers were provided with a small steamboat, which easily kept alongside of the rowers.

The course was about ten miles. On the home stretch Berger was slightly ahead, and would probably have won the race if he had not made a mistake in crossing the river to the opposite side of the stake boat to that which was agreed upon by the judges as the winning side, and before this difference could be regained Ward had passed him and won the race by only three and a half minutes. Time, eighty-three minutes and eighty-six and a half minutes.

Some of the experts in the science of rowing are of opinion that if Berger had not made the mistake we have mentioned, he would have had something more than a fair show for beating the Champion. As it was, the race was most stoutly contested, and highly creditable to both parties. Many consider this race as no test of the relative powers of the rowers, and efforts are being made for another trial of skill between them, to settle the question definitely, at least for this year, for Mr. Berger is not the man ever to stay beat while there is a chance of success left.



THE TEN-MILE BOAT RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, BETWEEN THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, JOSHUA WARD, AND WILLIAM BERGER, NOV. 5, 1860.—THE START—FROM POUGHKEEPSIE.



THE TEN-MILE RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE—ROUNDING THE STAKE-BOAT, FIVE MILES DISTANCE, WARD AHEAD.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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EVERY LOVER OF THE WONDERFUL, THE CURIOUS OR THE AMUSING.
With an energy and foresight unsurpassed, everything novel is
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SPLendid Performances every afternoon and evening, the admittance to all is only 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE 19 City Hall Square, New York

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up with the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

The three despots have had their conference at Warsaw, and separated. It is said that the sudden illness of the Czar's mother prematurely called the autocrat away. Sometimes there are diplomatic indispositions, and this might be one of them. At all events, if the triumvirate had remained together a month they could do very little without the direct and hearty co-operation of England, and however the German Court of that nation might feel inclined to rivet the chains of dynasty, they knew too well the temper of the people to venture upon an experiment which might endanger the Royal Albert and his entire brood of pampered. England will therefore be a passive spectator of the great process now effervescent in Italy, and which will result in the formation of a consolidated Italy under the sceptre of Victor Emanuel.

The voting of the people of Sicily and Naples had resulted in an almost unanimous decision in favor of annexation to the Sardinian Kingdom, and, as upon this principle Louis Napoleon holds his throne, and as it also agrees with the English doctrine of the people deciding their own destiny, all the despots in the world cannot affect it. With the exception, therefore, of Venetia and Rome and its suburbs, Italy is one and independent.

Bombas still holds out at Gata, but from the announcement that the English Admiral had sailed for that port, to protect his flight, it is clear his stay on Italian soil is approaching its termination. The British Legion had arrived at Capua, and had a skirmish with the foreign mercenaries of the tyrant; who were speedily put to flight. It is to be hoped that the young tyrant of Naples may fall into the hands of Garibaldi, just to give him an opportunity of disgracing the gallows by hanging the royal villain on it. Lord Lanover, who has been staying at Naples, has published an account of his visit to the prisons of that city. The account is perfectly harrowing.

Victor Emanuel I was on his way to Naples, which he would enter on the 28th of October. Garibaldi had announced his intention of resigning his Dictatorship upon the King's arrival, who had signified his intention of raising him to the dignity of a Prince and a Field Marshal. We hope the armed saviour of Italy will not accept it; his noblest title is his name. Princes and Kings are very small men compared to a Garibaldi, cigar dealer, candle maker and liberator of the enslaved.

Louis Napoleon had published in the *Constitutionnel* a defense of his policy in the Italian question. It is a very quiet and masterly statement, stating that non-intervention was his duty, as to ally himself with Russia and openly assist the Garibaldi movement would have put him in hostility with Russia, Prussia and Austria, while to oppose it would have been to ignore the principle of popular sovereignty, by which he occupies the throne of France. He, however, clearly intimates that his wish is to see Italy free and united, and under Victor Emanuel.

The King of Austria, in his reply to the Neapolitan Deputies, is reported to have said: "Austria continues to threaten me. Not long since I received a note from her, through the Emperor of the French, which was full of passion. Austria is preparing for next Spring; but then, with your assistance, I shall have four hundred thousand men in arms. I shall perform my duty as king and soldier. Let us all do our duty as Italians. The Pope himself now writes to me with kindness. The Powers of Europe are displeased, but none of them, except Austria, threatens. I am satisfied with Garibaldi. He may be a little capricious, but Italy has no nobler spirit or soul. I have several times offered him artillery, but he has refused it. He flattered himself that he could take Capua by a bayonet charge."

The correspondent of the *Daily News* says, that on the 19th the British Legion were under fire for the first time. The Royalists came out in strong force, and the English were opposed to them and drove them before them within the walls of Capua. Eight of the Legion were killed, and thirty wounded.

The *Journal des Debats* says: "The British Legion is immediately attached to Garibaldi. Garibaldi reviewed the men. In the name of Italy he thanked England, in the person of her volunteers, for the great sacrifice she made in men, arms and money to uphold the cause of national independence, and concluded by saying it was the proudest moment of his life that he had under his command, and for his support, a legion of the free children of England."

The Russian Ambassador had withdrawn from Turin, after reading to Count Cavour a very dictatorial dispatch from Gortschakoff.

The Emperor of Austria was to be crowned King of Hungary. The Emperor had granted a Constitution to the Hungarians. This was supposed to be an indication of his intention of warring with Ferdinand next year. It would seem certain from Victor Emanuel's speeches, and the preparations of Austria, that both parties have resolved upon a final appeal to arms. What a disgrace to civilization that it does not take out of the hands of such a tyrant and madman as Francis Joseph the power of slaughtering thousands of his fellow-creatures, to gratify a bigoted delusion. The Spanish Ambassador had left Turin, after protesting against the invasion of Rome and Naples.

The Egyptian Government had resolved to extend the railway from Soer along the African shore of the Red Sea to within a short steaming distance of Aden, thereby shortening the overland journey by five days, and avoiding the danger of Red Sea navigation.

Panama.—Considerable annoyance has been aroused by the arrest of two officers of the United States Navy by the British officers at Panama. It will be remembered that last month the commanders of the English and American vessels of war were requested by the local authorities there to land some marines from their ships, to protect the life and property of the inhabitants against the ravenous negroes. This was done, and when order was restored the troops were re-embarked. The next day the French and English Consuls stationed there not being assured, asked the commanders of their respective squadrons to send a guard for each consulate. One evening two American officers were on shore, and passed near the house of the English Consul, when they were challenged by the sentinel. Either from ignorance or pride they refused to answer, whereupon they were given into custody. The matter has since been explained.

To Subscribers.

THE NEW VOLUME OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

The present issue of this paper closes our tenth volume. The subscriptions ending with this volume should be renewed at once, to insure the delivery of the first number of the next volume—the eleventh; as no number of the new volume will be mailed upon subscriptions which have expired.

The volume now closed is of unexampled interest and excitement, containing as it does the tour of the Japanese Ambassadors, the arrival of the Great Easter and the visit of the Prince of Wales. Our illustrations of these events have been unexampled in their magnitude, number, variety and quality; and we can point to it with pride as the result of untiring enterprise, energy and foresight in the service of the public. Our efforts have been nobly repaid. Our sales have been enormous, and our subscription list, increased by thousands of the best names in every section of the country, proves that FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is esteemed as the great family paper of America.

The coming volume will hardly be inferior in interest to the one now closed. Our resources have wonderfully increased. In every section of the country we are in daily correspondence with first-class artists and photographers, engaged to supply us with illustrations of local interest and of all events which transpire in their neighborhood. Our artistic resources are more varied and complete than was ever combined in one establishment in the world.

The coming volume will contain a larger amount of interesting reading matter than heretofore; comprising striking and beautiful novels, tales and other amusing matter; besides editorials, criticisms on art, music and literature; chess columns, billiard columns and other interesting and useful items, making together the best and most richly-illustrated family paper in America.

Subscriptions should be sent direct to this office without delay.

The Late Election.

THERE was never yet an election held in the United States in which such important political issues were at stake, as that of November 6. Public interest was involved to an unprecedented degree, and the quiet and sobriety with which it was conducted afforded a noble and creditable indication of the serious and manly spirit of the men of all parties. On other elections rowdyism, merriment and a holiday feeling have always been conspicuously manifest, but this time the feeling that it was a time to act in earnest seemed to pervade every class of society. During the day those who visited the polls which received the votes of the most desperate portion of our population, were astonished at the peace and order which prevailed. The vilest back-slums of the city were far more quiet than on ordinary days, reminding one forcibly of Sunday. There were certainly fewer intoxicated men to be found during the earlier part of the day than usually meets. It is said that the Duke of Newcastle remarked that the immense concourse of well-behaved people in Broadway was the grandest sight he had ever witnessed in his life. What would he have thought could he have seen the late election, and realized the tremendous interest taken in it by the vast multitude?

From this quiet and moderation alone, shown by the men of all parties, we should be perfectly justified in asserting that the winning party will hold itself and be held in check, and that most effectually, against committing any of those offences against the rights of others which have been apprehended. There have been no manifestations thus far of a desire to do other than conciliate the vanquished. In the late elections in the Western and Middle States, only a very small fraction of any party would favor secession under no matter what circumstances. Men who could when necessary display the moderation, manliness and common sense which were shown in this city on the 6th, will not suffer mere party feeling to ruin themselves.

Finally it should be borne in mind as a fact to be warmly relied upon by the judicious and patriotic men of all parties, that there will be a powerful Representative check on the Executive during the coming term. Whether the Republican or Opposition party had conquered, nothing more disastrous—even for their own interests—could have happened than for the victors having full sway. As it is, there can be, we trust, only peace. Should the President-elect be ambitious of re-election, he will probably endeavor to conciliate his late opponents, and this will afford a new bond of unity to the country. We trust that we offend no one by the remark—it is founded on no theory of Mr. Lincoln's character, but simply on the precedents furnished by a number of gentlemen who have, in the atmosphere of Washington, found their constitution curiously changed. But come what may, we believe—and that from no slight or uncertain basis—that no ground exists for apprehension or alarm. There has been a battle and a victory, but there will be no *ex vicit!* or *ex vicitus!* Less has been lost or won than is believed.

The Secret of Progress.

MUCH is said in this day, by all who touch, however remotely, on social questions, of Progress. That this is a progressive age; that we are going ahead is not only conceded, but urged in a thousand forms. The orator, the poet and the editor play their surest card when they assure the world that we are leaving everything behind us.

Yet, with all this frequent assertion, it cannot be denied that there are few persons who have ever reduced to first principles their idea of progress. It is not, certainly, as most would say, the physical well-being of the multitude. Ancient Egypt, the granary of the world, had dynasties under which the people were well fed, and it seems doubtful whether in this point of view any of the principal nations of antiquity were not far better off than England at the present day, where, in a bleak climate, one per cent in twelve—sometimes one in eight—dies in a jail or almshouse. According to this rule, England has gone backwards. Yet she is in the foremost rank of progress.

On the other hand, Progress does not repose solely on a moral, a religious or an intellectual basis. Hundreds of communities of this stamp have laid buried in obscurity.

In proportion to the number of inhabitants, Iceland is at the

present day the most moral place known, and the one in which the inhabitants read most. The same may be said of many little university towns which, even indirectly, contribute very little to Progress. One daring book from a man of the world stirs the world up more than a dozen classes of their toast-and-tea party graduates ever do.

Certainly the most progressive state of society is that wherein we find the greatest increase of good for the greatest number. Where the multitude are not only being continually better fed and taught, but where they are also gradually rising in dignity and respectability, each according to his real social worth—where the best man, without reference to birth or social relations, is most esteemed on the basis of fact.

The whole of these conditions are embraced in the theory of a continual development of Labor, and its elevation from a *duro-e*, which the feudal age declared it to be, to a dignity. Every possible basis of human prosperity, every right of man, is provided for in the advance and elevation of labor. Education and Science in every form aid, and are aided by Labor, and the more it becomes honorable in its low forms the more do they rise and lead it on. If there is a social lesson which should be understood to lie at the bottom of all morality it is this, and if there is such a thing as a practical basis to Christianity (that most explicit declaration of human rights), it is to be found in giving honest effort its dues. The tendency of "fashion" and of social corruption is invariably towards a heartless conservatism, which honors inherited rank and wealth more than intrinsic merit. Such corruption is prompt to elevate or degrade a man more for what he cannot help than what he can. Opposed to this, the doctrine of Labor honors him solely for the ability with which he does his work, whatever that may be. It has been found that all the resources of Science, the widest reach of Genius, may be profitably employed on the humblest and lowest work. In a few decades this will have become general. Where is the pride of birth and rank and association which is not humbled before Science? Are we too sanguine? The history of Labor for three centuries shows an advance of this nature, which not one person in a thousand has ever fully understood.

Almost within the memory of man the inferior order of clergy, medical practitioners and lawyers were not practically regarded as gentlemen in England. What novelist of the present day would dare to write, as D'Israeli did only thirty years ago, that "there is always some vile apothecary lurking about the houses of the rich?" Where are the "tradesmen" who, before the Revolution, stood in the market street of Philadelphia, cap in hand, to respectfully salute the "quality?" Where are the swords and brocade and ruffles, and other defences against community with "working people?" Now-a-days we all work. Work is the word, the gospel, the humanity of the century. Every vindication of the dignity and beauty of Labor is an effort made in the holiest of causes, while every sneer at a man, because of his calling, is the sin of a fool who does not understand his age or its tendencies.

Frank Leslie's Monthly.

THIS beautiful Magazine, called, by general consent, the *Monarch of the Monthlies*, concludes its seventh volume with the December number, to be published this week.

The December number is one of rare excellence, containing the first chapters of a new novel of intense and thrilling interest, called, "Verona Brent; or, the Wayward Course of Love," beautifully illustrated. Also, several other illustrated tales, among which are a most humorously illustrated story called, "Divorce à Vinculo; or, the Wrongs of an English Husband;" and a beautiful original story, illustrated, called, "Marrying an Ideal," by Stephen Paul Shefield; with a vast amount of new tales, anecdotes, poetry and humorous articles, including "The Boarding-School Miss—Course of Education."

The Fashion Department is unusually rich, containing, besides the exquisitely colored Fashion Plate, numerous cuts of the newest styles in costumes, bonnets, needlework, crochet, &c., &c., and a large number of illustrations, with descriptions of the costumes of prominent ladies, worn at the ball given to the Prince of Wales at the Academy of Music, New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY is intended exclusively for families; it is got up in elegant style, large form, and contains one hundred pages of the most interesting and amusing literature, and a large number of the most exquisite engravings, fashion plates, &c. It should be in every lady's boudoir in the country.

Those of our readers whose subscriptions expire with the present volume will receive the December number *wrapped in a green band*.

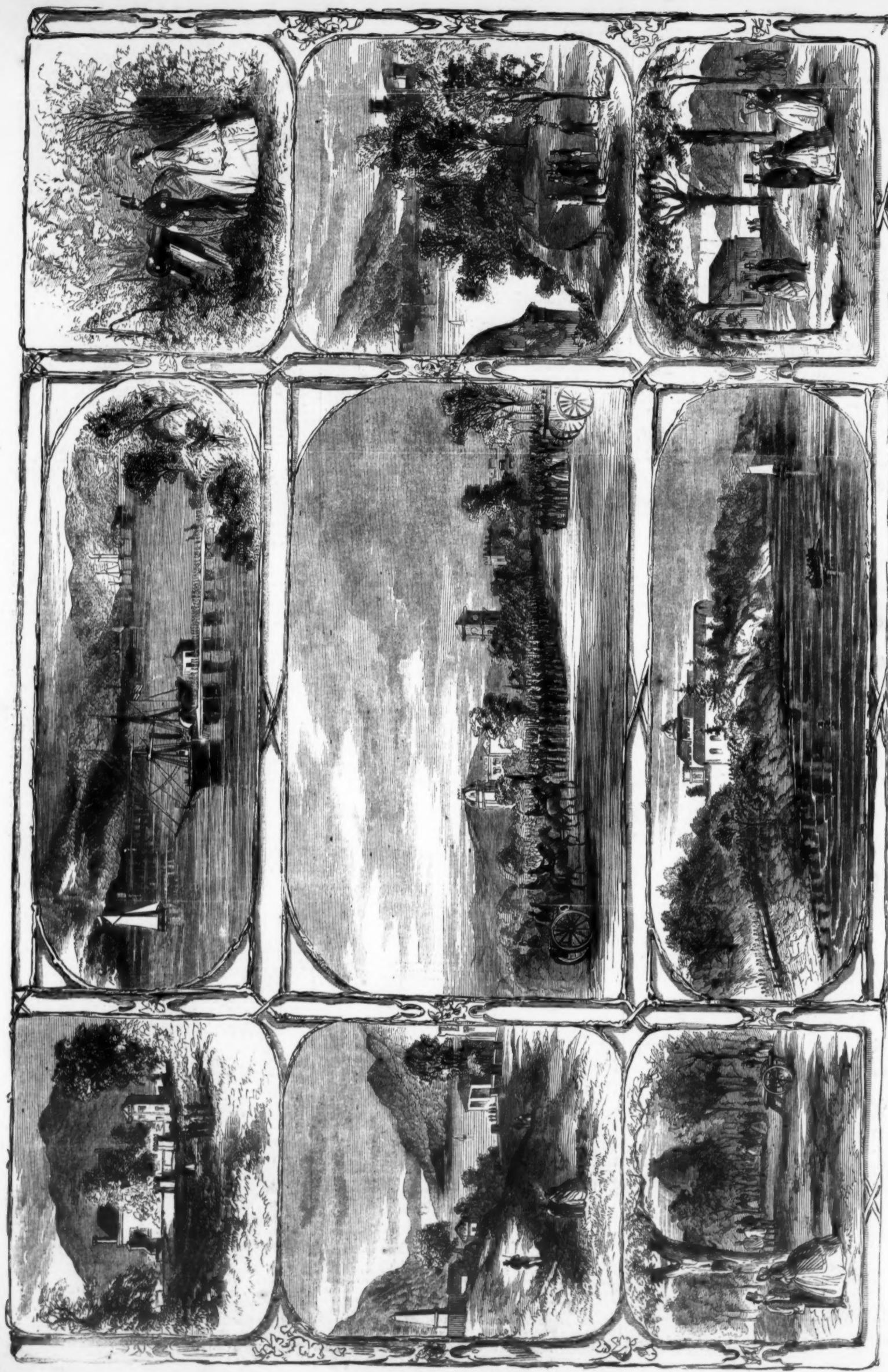
Subscriptions for the following year should be forwarded at once to this office, 19 City Hall Square, to insure the prompt delivery of the January number.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

Acknowledgment of Services Rendered.—We feel great pleasure in acknowledging the friendly and business courtesies extended to us and to our artists in every part of the country. There is scarcely a place that we have visited but we have cause to remember some friendly attention. Among those whom we have special cause to thank for courtesies extended to us artists, we mention with much pleasure Mr. E. T. Hawe, Photographer, C. W.; Mr. Spencer, Photographer, Ottawa, C. W.; Mr. George E. Bell, Photographer, Hamilton, C. W.; Mr. George L. Williams, t. Louis, Mo.

Great Pearls.—The largest pearls offered for sale at the present moment in the world are four pure and perfect gems now in the hands of Mr. Bent of Paris, a member of the house of Tiffany & Co. They are valued at one hundred thousand francs, and are free from flaw or blemish. They came from the Panama fisheries, though at what time they were taken from the shell is unknown; the larger dealers on the coast often keeping fine gems for many years before they offer them for sale, acting, possibly on the same principle as the *conisseur* in art, who clings to his picture even though full value is offered.

We had Occasion in a former number to protest against the practices adopted by some of our judges of indirectly encouraging litigation, by failing to require a written statement of facts when they are called to a trial. We more especially allude to cases of divorce, a striking instance of which has lately occurred in the court over which Judge Ingraham so worthily presides, as Homer and Ida, as does his generally excellent judicial occasions commit a wrong, more or less of that pernicious habit the bench has contracted of straining a point to help one of the same profession. A striking instance of this has just happened in the case of *Trust versus Trust*, in which, owing to the fatal facility the law affords, one of our oldest and most respected citizens has been for the last four years rabbed and tormented by a woman, who by her own confession long ago forfeited all claim on her husband by the most unblushing treachery. This appears to have been Judge Ingraham's opinion, for upon the case being referred to him as to the propriety of granting her a habeas corpus, he gave a prompt and decided negative.



VIEWS AT WEST POINT, ON THE RIVER HUDSON.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST DURING THE RECENT VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND SUI. — SEE PAGE 404.



STEAM THRESHING MACHINE, MANUFACTURED AT THE HAMILTON AGRICULTURAL WORKS, HAMILTON, OHIO—OWENS, FANE, DYER & CO., PROPRIETORS.

HAMILTON AGRICULTURAL WORKS.

Owens, Fane, Dyer & Co., Proprietors, Hamilton, Ohio.

This grand establishment is located at Hamilton, Butler county, Ohio, a flourishing manufacturing town of some eight or nine thousand inhabitants, situated on the Big Miami river, twenty-five miles from Cincinnati, on the Hamilton and Dayton Railroad. This town is looked upon as the future Lowell of Cincinnati. The hydraulic works are the most extensive and reliable in the West. The canal is taken from the river several miles above the town, and can bring the whole stream into the town and deliver it upon a level with twenty-two feet fall. There are three large paper mills here, seven flour mills and numerous other manufactories of various kinds, supplying articles of the greatest demand in the West.

At the late United States Fair, one of the largest and most attractive displays of machinery was made by Owens, Fane, Dyer & Co., from Hamilton, Ohio. They exhibited in the Agricultural Machine Department threshing machines, horse-powers and portable steam threshing engines, and in the Mechanical Department their portable saw mill engines, circular saw mills, improved saw mill head blocks, a new steam governor, &c.

This firm are extensive manufacturers of this kind of machinery for the Western and Southern markets, their trade extending even to California, having within the last two years shipped heavy invoices of their machinery via New York to San Francisco. They exhibited one of their largest sized threshing machines with all the modern accessories for threshing, separating

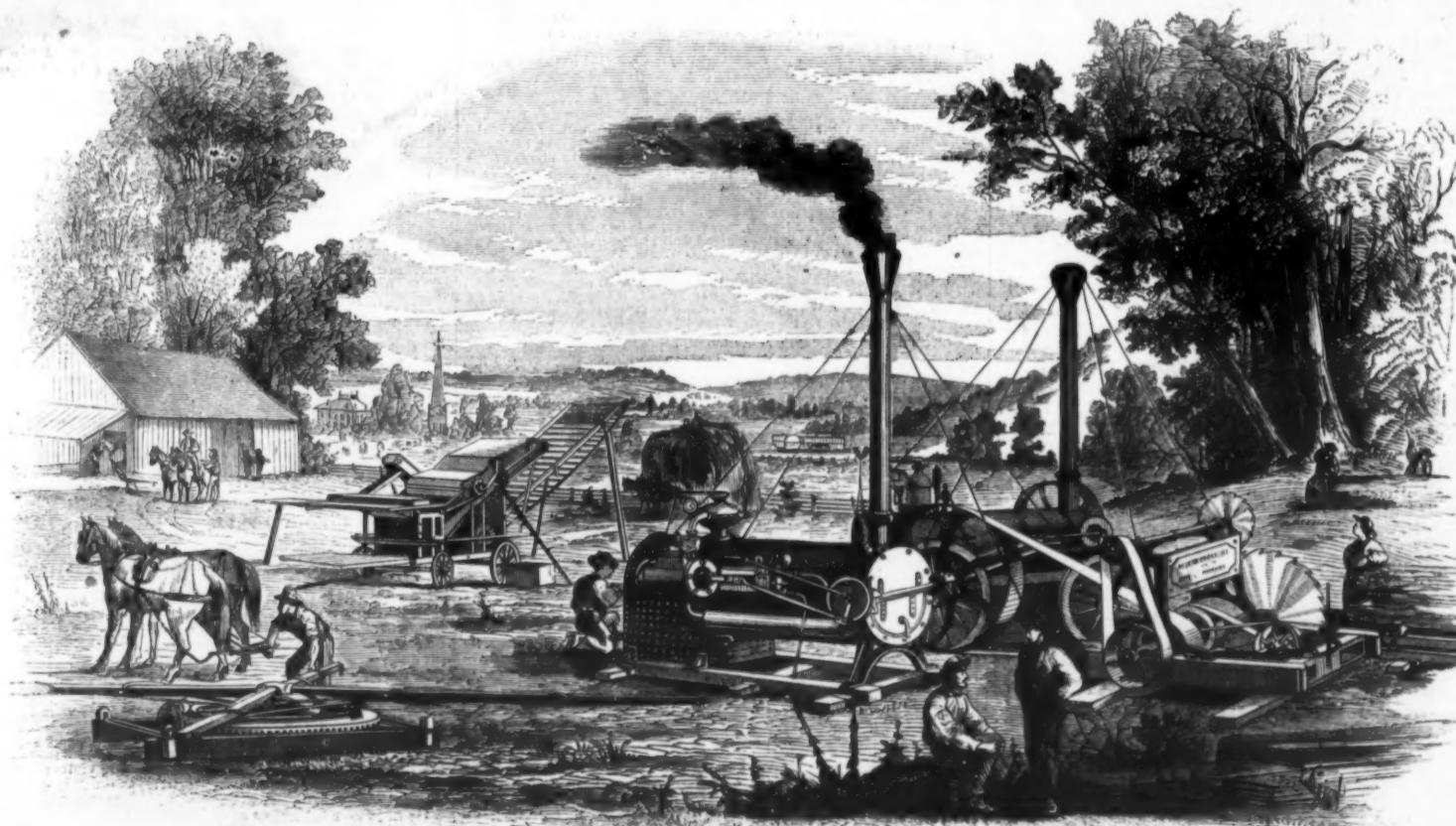
and cleaning grain of all kinds, with an attachment for carrying off and stacking the straw and chaff as it is now done in the most extensive wheat regions of the West. This was driven by one of their eight-horse portable engines, designed and constructed for farm and plantation use. It is mounted upon strong and substantial wheels, with iron axles, and secured to it so firmly that when the wheels are locked, by bolting a couple of planks upon each side of them, level with the ground, it is as firm and steady in its motion as the best running stationary engine.

Threshing by steam is comparatively a new feature in agricultural industry, new even in the West, where almost everything is as yet new. A few years ago there were some attempts made in this direction. Occasionally a farmer would buy one of the small Eastern portable engines to do his threshing and other farm work. Some few men who follow threshing for a business, had ventured on getting an engine to take the place of horse-power and horses, but the engines and machines were too small to give satisfaction, and the business was not successful, few threshers or farmers being willing to risk the expense or supposed danger of such an experiment.

The firm above named having established an extensive and very successful business in building the horse-power thresher with which they were supplying their customers, were frequently having inquiries as to the practicability of steam threshing and where engines for that purpose could be found. Being men of enterprise and anxious to supply their customers with the best that could be had in their line of business, they went into a careful investigation of the different kinds of engines that had been

used for that purpose noting their peculiarities, their defects and their merits, and came to the conclusion that there was a field for success open in a new direction, they went into the business in earnest, and designed and constructed an engine which they intended should, in every respect, answer the purpose desired for a good portable threshing farm or plantation engine. The result was a machine, simple in its construction, strong and substantial, easily managed and kept in order, which far surpassed anything that had ever been tried for that purpose; so much so that, in the neighborhood where their first machine was tried, it established steam threshing as an eminently successful business.

The engine gave entire satisfaction to the men who purchased it, enabling them to run their large ten horse threshing machine to its fullest capacity with a low pressure of steam, and fully satisfied the farmers that it was safe, practical and convenient; and the purchasers were immediately overrun with orders for threshing, securing to them jobs of threshing from men who had large crops of grain, who, although they had good ordinary horse-power machines, preferred to let them lie idle and send for the steam thresher to do their work. This, their first machine, is now running in the neighborhood where it was first started, and has run every season threshing from fifty thousand to sixty thousand bushels of grain per year; It runs from five to six months each year. There are now near the south-west corner of Butler county, within a range of ten miles from where this machine was started, twelve of these steam threshers running steadily



PORTABLE STEAM SAW, MANUFACTURED AT THE HAMILTON AGRICULTURAL WORKS, HAMILTON, OHIO—OWENS, FANE, DYER & CO., PROPRIETORS.

during the threshing season, which generally lasts from July to February, and all doing a good business. It may be proper to state for the information of the general reader, that grain threshing in the West is not generally done by each farmer doing his own work, but is done by men who purchase a threshing machine and go from farm to farm threshing each man's crop for so much per bushel. The price varies in different localities; in places where the best machines are in use, and the crops are large, the price for wheat is from four to five cents per bushel; for oats and barley from two to four cents—in some of the Southern States it is double that, the thresher furnishing the feeder, engine or driver and measurer, the farmer the rest of the attendants. In threshing from the shock in the field, there will generally be from twelve to eighteen men employed; after the wheat has been stacked five men will be able to do the work, from eight to twelve being sufficient to fully man one of these steam threshers and work them to their full capacity. During the season they will average about five hundred bushels of wheat per day; they are capable of threshing one thousand bushels of good wheat in ten hours, and frequently work at that rate for several hours—sometimes whole days.

Their machines are constructed after the celebrated Pitts model, invented by John A. Pitts, of Buffalo, New York, patented in 1837. This, we believe, was the first machine that proved any way successful in threshing and cleaning grain at one operation. They are now variously modified by different manufacturers, but essentially the same in principle, and are almost the only kind in use in the West. The one exhibited is of the largest size, having a cylinder thirty-six inches wide, twenty-one in diameter, and all the other parts in proportion; and will thoroughly thresh and clean, in good condition for market, as much grain as can possibly be fed into it by one man, with as many assistants as he can work, and do it without choking or clogging up in any part of its operation, or carrying over the grain in the straw. It is as perfect in all parts of its construction, and finished as thoroughly and tastefully as the best carriage work, and was exhibited just as they are turned out of the warehouse to customers.

The greatly increasing demand for portable circular saw mills in the West, and it being intimately connected with their portable engine business, has induced them recently to add this branch to their already extensive business. The mills they make are of a new invention, having some peculiarities about them well worth the attention of the practical sawyer.

The proprietors of the Hamilton Agricultural Works are all active, prudent, industrious mechanics, who came together upon this Western field of enterprise from widely distant homes.

One of the firm, Mr. J. E. Owens, was born in Wales; Mr. Dyer, the machinist and practical engineer of the establishment, was born in the State of Maine, and served an apprenticeship there; Mr. Kerfer is from Germany, and Mr. C. Fane a native Buckeye. They all commenced business without any other capital than that possessed by any mechanic who has well learned his trade, and has industrious, prudent and economical habits. They have in a few years succeeded in building up an eminently successful business in their line.

Their establishment covers several acres of ground. They manufacture all the different parts of their machines from the raw material with their own workmen in their own workshops. Their policy in building machinery has ever been to improve and perfect their work, and in no case to reduce the cost at the expense of usefulness and efficiency. They have received first premiums for best portable engines, best threshing machines, best farm engine and best steam governor.

THE PRINCE AT WEST POINT.

EARLY on the morning of October 15th a crowd had gathered around the Fifth Avenue Hotel, hoping either to see the Prince or a grand military escort which it was said would accompany him to the Harriet Lane, in which he was to go to West Point. So great was the assembly on Twenty-third street, that it is said that five dollars were paid for the privilege of standing on the boxes of carriages to witness the departure.

At ten minutes past nine the carriages of the Prince's suite drove up to the door. The following anecdote of an incident which here took place curiously illustrates the excitement of a mob, and at the same time the funkeism so common in all countries: "The Prince's barouche took up its station in front of the door, and several persons made a rush to touch the carriage, but only one girl succeeded, and she went back chuckling and crowing, saying that she 'did touch it after all.' " After some delay the party got on board the Harriet Lane, followed by a faint cheer. The weather was delightful, the sun and the breeze being equally invigorating. Several small steamers accompanied the cutter all the way to West Point, and all along the route he was cheered or greeted by persons at the landings or in boats. Just before three o'clock the cutter arrived at West Point, where an immense number had assembled to see the Prince, the whole front of the hill being alive with people. The Prince, after bidding good-bye to the officers of the cutter, stepped ashore and was introduced to the officers there assembled. At the suggestion of Colonel Delafield the Prince rode on horseback to the review to be held in his honor. Escorted by two squadrons of dragoons he went on, in company with Colonel Delafield and staff, the latter consisting of Adjutant Holubad, Lieutenant Williams and Lieutenant McMillan. The roar of the cannon of Fort Knox formed a grand accompaniment to the procession, while the cheers of six thousand people filled up the intervals of the artillery.

Before the review the Prince went to the residence of Colonel Delafield, where he was received by General Scott. After refreshments he was escorted to the academic buildings, in company with the attaches of the establishment. Shortly before four the Prince had completed his survey and returned to the residence of Colonel Delafield, previous to visiting the parade ground. At the latter eight battalion companies of cadets, eleven files front, presented themselves, after which came the sappers and miners, the artillery and dragoons. When the Prince appeared, Major Reynolds gave the order to prepare for review. The ranks of the troops opened, the band struck up a brilliant air, and the manoeuvres, the marching and the salutes were executed in grand style. The review was emphatically perfect, and reflected high honor on the discipline of our National Military Academy. The Prince expressed the warmest satisfaction with what he witnessed, and requested that his thanks might be expressed to the cadets. The parade having concluded, he returned to Major Delafield's house, where he was introduced to the cadets, and uttered the hope that he might revisit them more at length.

The first and part of the second floor of Cozzen's Hotel, at West Point, were appropriated to the use of the Prince. Great pains had been taken to render the rooms attractive, and they were truly beautiful and luxurious. After the ceremonies of the day the party returned hither, where the Prince, greatly fatigued, at once retired to rest. At seven he dined with the royal party. After the conclusion there was a great rush of visitors to return homeward. Every ferry was crowded, and cars and steamboats were insufficient to contain the multitude, several hundreds being obliged to remain behind all night.

Great disappointment was experienced relative to the ball which it was expected would be given. Colonel Delafield had given his consent, and everything arranged for the occasion.

"Fatigue" was given as the excuse for the Prince's not attending, but as he passed the evening with his suite engaged in rolling tempos, great indignation was expressed by the ladies, who had prepared magnificent dresses for the occasion. The royal party retired at a late hour, rising at a correspondingly late one the next morning. The Prince passed the morning in visiting various localities, among them Buttermilk Falls. The party then rode to the old wharf, about a quarter of a mile above the regular landing, where, amid the plaudits of a large crowd and music, they embarked on board the Daniel Drew for Albany. It was remarked that both during coming to West Point, Albany, and leaving, the Prince took little or no interest in the scenery, passing most of his time in smoking or reading.

As our engravings embrace some excellent views of West Point, a few words relative to this most romantic spot may not be inappropriate. As is often the case, the same rocky eminence which constitutes its chief beauty also adapts it to defence, and it was chosen during the Revolution for that purpose. Fort Putnam, then erected, crowns a hill of five hundred and ninety-eight feet elevation above the river. In 1802 Congress established here the celebrated Military Academy, which is supported entirely at the expense of the Government. The buildings devoted to this institution are on a level nearly two hundred feet above the Hudson, occupying about one mile square, which embraces, however, room for military evolutions and the practice of gunnery.

The approach from the river on the east is interrupted by an almost perpendicular wall of rock, while wild and rugged hills rise on the west and south-west. From the piazza of the hotel there is seen towards the north the finest river and mountain pass in the world. Mountains of more than a thousand feet high abound in the view, while the winding Hudson renders them doubly beautiful.

The promenade towards the east, on the rocks, commands varying scenes of unrivaled beauty.

On a spur of the Highlands, extending towards the south and south-west, and surrounded on three sides by deep ravines and steep ascents, lies Fort Putnam, above which, on a level, were old Fort Clinton and other military works, which were during the Revolution the fortifications of West Point. Kosciusko here held a command, and Kosciusko's garden and the splendid tomb erected to his memory by the Cadets of 1828 recall him frequently.

The healthy, bracing atmosphere, the magnificent scenery, the gaiety which gathers around the Academy with its military life and balls, and finally, the tendency of Fashion to flow in this direction, all contribute to make the spot one of the most attractive in the world. During the late visit of the Prince it assumed its best appearance, and the thousands who flocked in from the country, or came from the cities, lent it a charm which will not be soon forgotten.

ERLE GOWER; OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. AND II.

The scene opens in a cold, cheerless afternoon in November, when a carriage containing an old gentleman and a fine, handsome youth of nineteen years is dashing along on the way from Wootton-under-Edge towards Kingswood Hall, the residence of one of England's proud nobility. The youth demands of his aged companion some information respecting his birth and parentage. This old man declines, but says that he is taking him to Kingswood Manor, where he has a right to shelter, and adds, mysteriously, that Lord Kingswood can solve the mystery. The youth at first refuses to proceed, but upon his companion declaring that his residence there is a sacred duty he owes one who is dear to him, he acquiesces in the wish of his associate. He confides, also, to the youth his name, which he was to keep secret. He also added that he had been his true friend, and would ever prove so.

In a short time they reached Kingswood Manor, one of those noble old residences so common in England. The aged man and his youthful charge alighted from the carriage and inquired for Lord Kingswood. The former was ushered into his presence, while the youth was taken to another apartment which looked on a magnificent woodland scene. While buried in gloomy reflections and forebodings, a pair of tender hands were pressed over his eyes, and a sweet, silvery voice cried out,

"Guess my name,
Or a forfeit I claim."

Erie Gower, for such was the youth named, sat utterly bewildered. The hands were removed, and a beauteous girl stood before him. Their astonishment was mutual. After casting a terrified glance, she ran away like a frightened fawn. At the earnest entreaties of Erie, the beautiful girl returned and apologized for her unwitting familiarity, by telling him that as her cousin Cyril was expected she mistook Erie for him. She then disappeared.

Erie remained in a reverie for a few minutes, and with the instinctiveness of jealousy cried, "I hate that cousin Cyril!"

CHAPTER II.

This room to which the attendant ushered Ishmael Malpas—the name of the elderly traveler already alluded to—was a large study, where sat a handsome man in the prime of life. Lord Kingswood rose abruptly to his feet as he entered, and rebuked his attendant for thus conducting any one unannounced to his presence. He then, in a stern voice, ordered him to retire. When the two men were thus face to face, Lord Kingswood said in an uncertain tone, "I did not expect to find you the bearer of that note," A scene of the most wonderful power ensues, in which the visitor, whose real name is Vernon, narrows the soul of the guilty nobleman with recounting the wrongs of an injured lady whom the earl had married and deserted. The youth is, of course, the child of this unhappy lady. The whole range of sensational literature does not contain a more thrilling chapter. It appears that while Lord Kingswood had endeavored to begin the virtuous scruples of his beautiful victim, the marriage had actually been legal, so that when he thought he was seducing his victim he was really marrying her. When Ishmael Malpas told him this, and also that the youth lived and was at that minute beneath his roof, his anguish was indescribable. What if Lady Kingswood should learn it? The thought was destruction.

After an interview, Ishmael sprang into the carriage and was driven away, leaving Erie, the youthful stranger, at Kingswood Manor.

CHAPTER III.

There are times
When Fancy plays her gambols, in despite
Even of our watchful senses! when in sooth
Substance seems shadow, shadow substance seems.
When the broad, pale, and marked partition
Twist that which is and is not seems dissolved;
As if the mental eye gained power to gaze
Beyond the limits of the rising world.—Scott.

The consideration which so urgently prompted the mystified and astounded Lord of Kingswood to hastily quit his study, and hurry in search of the youth his unexpected visitor had brought to him, was the possibility of Lady Kingswood obtaining the first interview with him, and subjecting him to an examination calculated to elicit singularly inconvenient revelations. Lady Kingswood made no allowances for human frailty, perhaps because she lacked firmness herself. We are but too apt to condemn in others the infirmities we ourselves possess. Lord Kingswood, therefore, dreaded the result of such disclosures as he feared his youthful, unexpected and most unbecome guest would naturally make.

If Lady Kingswood were to learn that her husband had, while wooing her, chosen another, and had actually given his hand in marriage to her, even though the ceremony had been a mock one, she would not hesitate to make the world acquainted with the fact. Lord Kingswood was painfully conscious of this. He knew that she would care nothing for his position or the disgrace the disclosure might bring upon him. She would parade her wrongs, even though conscious that she had lived up to the very hour of her marriage,

and only too frequently after it. That, however, was a set-off not permitted to enter the account between herself and partner. What she might commit of a questionable character she did not charge her account with, but she debited her husband with every sin she fancied he might be guilty of. She accused him and threatened him to a manner calculated to terrify him. It amounted to nothing that her charges in many instances were false and unjust. She but too often threatened to act upon them in spite of all his excited protestations of their untruth.

The secret which Ishmael possessed was, therefore, one which, if she knew, wouldadden her, and compel her to ruin Lord Kingswood's domestic life, not alone because she had been tricked and deceived, but because it would appear that she was not his wife, and then her only son would be illegitimate. Ishmael, in bringing to Kingswood the boy, though he might be his son, had, consequently, suspended above him an avalanche, which, at a word, might descend and overwhelm him.

To keep the terrible secret from betrayal as long as possible, it was necessary to close the boy's mouth against the shrewd cross-questioning of Lady Kingswood, and, therefore, his lordship was most solicitous to have an interview with him before her ladyship knew of his existence.

With a misgiving which produced a sense of faintness, he remembered how long the youth had been left alone, and he quickened his pace on quitting his study, until, encountering the servant who had conducted the boy to the room he then occupied, he ascertained that he had been bestow'd—in the very apartment Lady Kingswood most frequented.

He drew himself up and paused, then went slowly on, like a coward going into battle having no chance of previous flight.

He gently unclosed the door and looked within the apartment his servant had named. A tall, slim, elegant youth stood leaning upon one elbow by the window, gazing thoughtfully into the open space, with its glorious prospect before him.

He was alone, and Lord Kingswood drew a long breath—it was something more than a sigh of relief—and then resuming, as well as his turbulent thoughts would permit, his usual haughty, aristocratic mien, he addressed the youth, to call his attention to him.

The boy turned round and faced him.

A low cry burst from the lips of Lord Kingswood, and he clutched at a chair.

"Is it her living resemblance?" he murmured.

If he had before a floating doubt of Ishmael's truthfulness, he had none now.

Nature has a triumphant mode of asserting her sway, even over a bad heart.

Lord Kingswood's first impulse was to catch the boy in his arms and press him to his breast.

Cold worldliness interposed, and he controlled the impulse. Selfishness is ever too officiously intrusive when the natural feelings are desirous of free action, and though it cannot prevent a generous impulse, it can quickly coat it over with ice.

Lord Kingswood cast an anxious eye upon the door, and returning to it, he closed it firmly, though he did not fasten it.

He then advanced to the boy, who stood by the window eyeing him curiously, and on reaching him he said, in a somewhat peculiar tone:

"I am Lord Kingswood."

A flush mounted to the boy's brow, he bowed slightly, but instantly drew himself erect, without making any reply.

A shade of disappointment as well as of embarrassment passed over the pale features of the nobleman.

"Tell me," he said, assuming a frankness of manner he felt that he could ill support, "are you dull at being parted from your friend?"

"My friend?" echoed the boy with an air of surprise. "What friend?"

"I mean Mr. Vernon, the friend who accompanied you hither," returning Lord Kingswood, a little surprised in his turn.

A smile almost of derision curled the boy's lip.

"I have seen too little of him to have any feeling respecting companion ship with him or separation from him," he responded. Then the expression of his features changed, and he added with a sigh— "Yet I believe that I am much beholden to him, and perhaps I ought to express myself differently."

"How long have you known him?" inquired Lord Kingswood, quickly.

"But a few hours," the youth replied, rather hesitating in his delivery. "I saw him for the first time this morning."

"The first time this morning!" echoed Lord Kingswood, with an air of surprise, accompanied by an increase of hauteur. "Pray, where did you meet with him?"

The boy observed the alteration in his lordship's manner. The hue of his cheek became deeper, his eyes glistened brightly, and his bearing assumed a yet prouder aspect than before.

"He sought me at the school at which I have been reared," he answered, speaking rather rapidly. "The master, Dr. Cranboy, who conducted me to the reception-room where he awaited me, said on our way thither, that he had been from my infancy my only friend. He brought me hither. I know no more. If you desire to learn more, I cannot answer you—you must seek your information from him."

"Softly, softly, not so fast," rejoined Lord Kingswood, struck by the youth's fiery impatience. "There happens to be a certain kind of information I am desirous of obtaining which you only can furnish."

"I dislike answering questions," impetuously returned the youth.

"Granted," responded his lordship. "Yet it is not the less necessary that you—for your own sake be it understood—should reply to those I consider it to be requisite to put to you. When were you placed at the school you have now left, and by whom were you placed there?"

"I was very young indeed," he answered, thoughtfully; "I cannot tell at what age—it is many years back—I—I do not know where I placed me with Dr. Cranboy."

Hot tears rushed into his eyes, and he turned his face to the window, to conceal them as they gushed from his eyelids.

Lord Kingswood was moved more than he liked to confess to himself.

He laid his hand gently on the boy's shoulder.

"I have no desire to distress you," he exclaimed, in a kinder voice than he had yet assumed; "but your replies to the inquiries I am submitting to you possess a greater importance than you can imagine. A few more easily answered, and I have done."

The boy dashed the glittering drops from his eyelid, and said coldly—

"Proceed, my lord."

"What name were you known by at school?"

"Erie Gower," was the reply.

Lord Kingswood started. For a moment only he pressed his white hand upon his pallid forehead, and then removing it, he asked:

"By what other?"

Erie glanced sharply at him, as if stung by the question.

"By no other," he replied huskily.

"What history of yourself and connections did your companion furnish you with?" inquired his lordship, bending upon the youth's countenance a searching look.

"He preserved a close silence respecting it," replied Erie, in a low tone, an expression of gloomy dissatisfaction passing over his features.

"But he assigned some reason for bringing you hither and placing you in my—my charge?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, quickly, though he hesitated at the last word.

"That of duty!" returned Erie, with more energy of utterance than he had yet displayed. "He impressed upon me that I had the rights of another to sustain as well as my own; that my claim to be maintained and guided to a prosperous future by you was a rightful one; and that you—yes, my lord—would reveal to me in what relation I stand to you. Oh, my lord, I do not know who, what I am. If you have mercy, I entreat you—"

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with a sudden display of violent perturbation. "Be silent; and remember in answer to every inquiry made by others to you, to repeat only that you are an orphan, brought up at school, and that I have taken you under my protection. Be wise and discreet, as you value my favor."

All this was said in a rapid undertone, as the sound of the rustling of silk caught the ear of Erie.

Perhaps he might have been disposed to be rebellious, and have disobeyed the injunctions of Lord Kingswood, but the exhortation to be wise and discreet caught his ear. He instantly remembered the advice of Ishmael, and resolved, as far as he could, to obey the counsel given to him.

At the same moment the door opened, and Lord Kingswood, elevating his voice, said:

"Your journey has fatigued you. I will give instructions immediately respecting your apartments, and—oh, Lady Kingswood!" he exclaimed, with affected abruptness, as he found his wife at his elbow, regarding the youth with a gaze of unequivocal surprise. He rapidly, and not without displaying some of that embarrassment he was most desirous of concealing, introduced Erle to her ladyship.

Lady Kingswood was a tall, fine woman, rather stouter than she wished to be, nearer to forty than she cared to acknowledge, fair in complexion, with handsome features, still retaining much of the beauty which distinguished them in youth, and possessing a presence, commanding, rather by the results of early intuition and aristocratic associations, than that it pertained to any native dignity of character.

Exceedingly jealous in disposition, she fostered an inquisitiveness, always offensive, until it degenerated into indueness. It frequently urged her to put questions of a close and embarrassing kind, which good sense, no less than self-respect, should have taught her to withhold; but the restless craving to confirm by inquiries a suspicion mortally as injurious as ungenerous, swept away all those considerations which properly influence, and, in fact, govern a delicate and refined mind.

As we have said, there was no mistaking the surprise she betrayed; and she listened to the explanations his lordship tendered with the air of one who did not believe a sentence he uttered.

Quite satisfied, however, that the present moment was not a proper one to push the thousand inquiries which rushed through her brain and sprang to her lips, she merely bowed her head in cold assent to each statement Lord Kingswood made, quietly reserving the treat of closely questioning Erle when alone with him.

It must be confessed that she was struck by the appearance of the young stranger. There was a certain elegance as well as boldness in his mien, which assured her that he sprang from no common stock, and his looks at least created in her breast a favorable opinion, even though she felt that there was some secret attached to him likely to inflict great pain upon her when she became mistress of it.

"I was informing Mr. Gower as your ladyship entered that I would immediately give instructions to have a suite of rooms prepared for him," observed Lord Kingswood, with an evident desire to appear at ease. "Your ladyship will perceive that he is fatigued; he has been travelling some hours, and will need some rest before he joins us at dinner."

"Does Mr. Gower stay with us long?" inquired Lady Kingswood, looking at her husband with half-closed eyelids, an expression he knew well how to interpret.

"A—n—yes—that is—for an indefinite term. A—really, Lady Kingswood, the commonest laws of hospitality forbid a question of that nature. Mr. G—w—will be the subject of future arrangement!" returned Lord Kingswood, red and white, hot and cold, by turns.

Lady Kingswood curled her lips as she rejoined,

"As I intend to take upon myself the care of securing Mr. Gower's personal comfort while he remains with us, I fancy that it was a very natural question to put; but you need not say another word, my lord; I believe I fully understand you. I will myself give the instructions necessary at once."

So saying, with a bend to Erle, which would have been frank and pleasant but for some floating displeasing fancies, she quitted the apartment.

Lord Kingswood raised his finger to his lips as she disappeared, and murmured,

"Be cautious and reserved in your communications, and adhere to the same story respecting yourself which you have related to me; not a syllab e beyond it."

As he concluded, he hurried after Lady Kingswood.

Erle, left to himself, with a heavy heart, turned again to the window, and looked out. The sounds of carriage-wheels, rapidly moving along the drive, attracted his attention, and he saw several equipages approaching the mansion. It was evident that there was to be a dinner-party, and that the guests were beginning to arrive. He shrank from the prospect of encountering a quantity of strange persons, to whom he was convinced that he should be an object of curiosity and inquiry. It was an ordeal to which he felt unequal, and he determined to remain within the room now preparing for him for the remainder of the night, if Lord Kingswood would accept no excuse for his absence from the dinner-table.

His reveries were interrupted by the appearance of a matronly-looking woman, quietly dressed; in fact, the sombre and the antique predominated in her attire. She made him an exceedingly dignified obeisance, and shutting her eyes, said, in a mincing voice,

"My Lady Kingswood has graciously pleased to direct me to conduct you, young gentleman, to apartments hastily preparing for you. Will you be good enough, sir, to follow me?"

Rather pleased than otherwise, Erle obeyed. As the elderly dame sauntered somewhat grandly from the room; but, before he reached the part of the building assigned to him, he was amazed at the labyrinth and the length of the passage and corridors through which the old lady led him.

At last, out of breath, she paused at a door, and turning to him, said,

"You will lodge here, by my lady's directions, young gentleman for the present. I trust you will excuse such omissions as you may this evening discover, but if you will be so obliging as to mention in the morning any small inconveniences to which you may have been subjected, they shall be remedied, and all sufficiencies shall be supplied inmediately."

She opened the door, and entered a dull, dreary-looking room, dimly lighted by two narrow Gothic windows. The room itself was large and lofty, with old-fashioned furniture in it, which seemed, perhaps in consequence of the dimensions of the apartment, scantily and widely distributed. A wood fire was kindled upon the hearth, but had hardly yet broken into a blaze; and the whole aspect of the room was chill and repellent.

There was an inner room, in which two or three females were busily about, arranging its contents with great activity, increasing the rapidity of their movements under the supervision of the old lady.

At length, one by one they passed through the room in which Erle was silently and mechanically watching their movements; and, as they glided by him, he observed that they eyed him askance and with an expression which appeared to be compounded of awe, amazement and compassion.

The elderly matron, too, though the last to retire, seemed restless and ill.

"A—my Lady Kingswood has—graciously informed me," she said, with burried accents, as she backed out of the room, "that you would be pleased to take your dinner to-day in your own apartment, in consequence of the fatigue you have suffered from long travel. It will be my care to see that proper attention is paid to you. I am Mrs. Muddlemist, the housekeeper, a—yes—a good—a day, young gentleman. I—hope that you will enjoy a—hem—a—profound repose after your journey—a—heaven protect us!"

A very perceptible shudder passed over the frame of the old lady as she concluded; and she hastened away from the room with more speed and less dignity than she had hitherto exhibited.

Erle was now fairly alone, with as much real cause for sadness as ever isolated human creature unacquainted with the authors of his existence, and surrounded wholly by strangers, could possibly possess. Yet, perhaps sadness was not the predominant feeling in possession of the youth's mind. He had been accustomed to the presence and the companionship of persons unalied to him by any other ties than those which bind society together. He had but exchanged one home among strangers for another, and to that condition of affairs he could soon have accommodated himself, but mixed up with his presence at Kingswood, there was a question of origin. He had a rightful claim on Lord Kingswood. What was it? His cheek burned, and a strange sickness of heart seized him as he asked himself repeatedly this question. Unable to arrive at any satisfactory supposition, he, with an impulsive gesture, tried to dismiss the subject from his mind, and sought to divert his thoughts by an examination of his apartment.

The part of Kingswood Hall to which he had been consigned was extremely ancient. It was wainscotted with panelled oak, blackened by time. The furniture, too, chairs, tables and other appendages, were of black oak, and of an early date. Two or three full-length portraits, probably ancestral, hung upon the walls, and in fact, the whole of the contents of the apartment, as well as the room itself, were of an age long past.

It presented a strange contrast to that he had just quitted; it was

as if to-day and three hundred years ago stood hand in hand beneath the same roof.

He examined his bed-room, which presented the same characteristics as the sitting-room. Both rooms had several doors in them, probably belonging to store-closets, or some such receptacles; rooms, anciently, being well supplied with such needful repositories. Altogether, there was a strange, dreary, sombre, if not awful aspect in the apartments, not at all alluring to the nervous or the superstitious.

That gloom suited the tone of Erle's mind, and he regarded them rather with the respect their antiquity inspired, than with any fear that the shades of former residents revisited them in the silent night.

He advanced, after his survey, to one of the windows of his sitting-room, and looked out. A totally different view to that he had seen from the window of the apartment he had first entered, met his gaze. He was now located in the rear of the building, and though a portion of the park and some distant scenery were visible yet the great proportion of the view was forest-land extensively and thickly wooded.

The night was closing in fast, the wind moaned as it swept past in sharp gusts, and the trees swayed backward and forward, shorn of their leaves, and looking grim and desolate in the murky twilight.

Erle turned away from the prospect, gray andullen as it looked, and flung himself into a chair, where he sat ruminating until his dinner was brought to him by a couple of servants, one of whom remained to wait upon him.

He had, on seeing the approach of visitors, formed a wish to dine alone, but he now felt dissatisfied to find his wish anticipated. He suspected that he had been considered too humble for such distinction, and his dinner seemed to choke him as he swallowed it.

"I will never eat the bread of dependence, and so my Lord of Kingswood shall find," he murmured to himself, when again left alone. "What care I for this great house and park if I am to be regarded and treated as an intruder! He shall tell me who and what I am, that I may know how to face and fight with the world."

He turned his eyes about his gloomy room, and he thought of the brilliant revelry below. He wondered if that fair girl, whose warm breath seemed yet to play, zephyr-like, upon his cheek, would be of the party, and whether the tenderness intended for cousin Cyril, which he had received, would be repeated when cousin Cyril was really alone with her. With a sigh, he rose up, and retired to his sleeping apartment.

How large, and shadowy, and grimly silent it looked! A fire blazed brightly upon the hearth, and paled the small light of the lamp he bore, but it cast black and ghastly shadows. Still no surprises were raised any feeling of dread within him.

He paused before a portrait which was hung above the large chimney-piece, and regarded it earnestly.

It was the resemblance of a lady, young, and of strange, weird-like beauty. A singular thrill passed through his frame, as a vague impression that he had seen that face before took possession of him.

Then he shook his head mournfully, as he asked himself where he, who had been his whole life immersed as it were at school, could have beheld it. The sweet, gentle, tender, expression on its features—in its eyes especially—no face, that of mother, sister, relative of any denomination, had ever borne for him; no such had he ever known. He had from his earliest recollection been as isolated as even now he felt himself to be.

Then flinging down his taper he threw himself upon the bed, and cried—

"How desolate! O, how desolate I am!"

He gave way to a violent paroxysm of despairing grief, but nature, ever beneficent, changed his sobbing into slumber, and he lay motionless upon the bed, until the hour of midnight was tolled by the great, solemn bell, in the clock-tower.

The sky had cleared, the wind had sunk, the bright beams of an unclouded moon poured in brilliant resplendence into the room, rendering every object within it distinctly visible.

The moulderings upon the hearth threw a red glare only in their immediate vicinity, the lamp was extinguished, and the cold moonbeams reigned supreme.

It sounds of festivity from joyous guests had, during the evening, disturbed the stillness, they had ceased now. All, within and without, was as silent as a cathedral aisle in the dead of night.

As the last peal of the bell yet vibrated in the air, Erle suddenly rose up in his bed rigidly erect. His eyes were wide open, suddenly. He stepped lightly on the floor, and walked slowly across the apartment, as if steadily following some object.

He entered the sitting-room with the same slow, measured step, still as if in pursuit, and paused before an oaken door, situated in a remote corner of the apartment. Then he clapped his hands upon his temples, uttered a low cry, and fell on the floor, as if bereft of life.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The 6th of November, 1860, will be long remembered, for on that day the apparent policy of our Republic was changed, and the powerful and somewhat reckless party which has so long governed the country received a severe check. There is a gathering conviction in the moderate Democratic mind that four years of Salt River will be as beneficial to the Democracy as Saratoga is considered to be of plethoric millionaires and dyspeptic spinsters. Eight years full power seems to be too much for the virtue of any party, and that organization which has boasted of a Jefferson as its leader has not been able to retain its health under the full feed of a prolonged banquet. The spoils have corrupted the victors.

There was a quiet energy about both parties that showed how earnestly they had applied themselves to the result. The Democratic element lost somewhat of its elasticity, and the Black Republicans assumed a restlessness rather out of character with their color. The weakest plank in the Democratic platform was the forbidding that Douglas and his partisans were not in earnest, and the result has, in the opinion of many, borne out the suspicion.

As the day approached, rumors and counter-rumors flew in all directions. The Pewter Mug looked solemn; Tammany, resigned; Delmonico's wore a mixed aspect, while the Bulls, Bears and Snakes of Wall street assumed the air of deeply injured men. Jones took Smith by the button-hole and bewailed the dissolution of the Union, while Smith received the intelligence with the vivacity of a tombstone. Brown said that rents would go down, which made his tenant Robinson mighty rejoice. Some men shook their heads at the idea of South Carolina cutting herself adrift and wandering about disconsolate. Another man had received a letter from Kentucky containing the wonderful intelligence that "the Union was right side up;" another had seen Helper, whose brow looked gloomy; some thought that the Tribune buildings showed signs of a Pemberton catastrophe, while one fortunate individual had actually had a whole conversation all to himself with the decapitated Sanders, who assured him Lincoln was as good as elected. One remarkable feature was the astonishing absence of all spirituous excitement; had the possessors of elective franchise been all trottetters, they could not have worn a more watery aspect. The most exciting spot was Crook and Duff's, where, as Shakespeare says, "politicians most do congregate;" there ginslings, cocktails and brandy smashes were in full blast.

The crowd was a most animated one, consisting of men of every stripe of politics; there were few listeners, for nearly all were talkers, but despite the loud talk, it was very evident that fear and doubt had taken possession of all, and that the most determined "blower" trumpeted his asseverations with a mental reservation.

The voting commenced with the opening of the booths, and went on without intermission until the moment of closing the same. Business men waited for hours to take their turn, to deposit their votes. Many complaints were made of obstructions thrown in the way of voting and unnecessary challenging of gen-

dlemen sent away to procure some one to vouch for them, and on their return being informed that they were found to be duly registered. Many similar attempts were made to interfere with the rapid order of voting, both by the Union and Republican parties. In some places more names were registered than could possibly deposit their votes. This was a great error, and there can be no doubt that both parties suffered therefrom, but the Union party by far the most.

Every one views with astonishment the marvellous quiet which reigned around the polls, and the general order and unobstructed manner of voting. Those wards which, in by-gone times, had achieved an unenviable eminence in riot, blasphemy, and too frequently bloodshed, were as quiet and orderly as the Fifth avenue. It seemed as though the spirit of a Sabbath day had fallen upon these black spots in our beautiful city. Scarcely any party spirit was exhibited, each man felt that he was about to perform an important duty, and did it seriously and soberly. The issue was too important for trifling, and that belief seemed to be entertained by the entire mass of the people.

One or two arrests were made for illegal voting, but otherwise the police had a very idle time of it. At the head-quarters of the police, however, there was a great rushing to and fro, and the business seemed to be extremely active. Arrangements had been made there for receiving telegraphic communications from the various districts. The police telegraph is in the basement, and as the reports came in they were sent to the room above, where the Superintendent and his clerks were present. Each report was then read aloud by a clerk, so that the reporters of the daily papers who were in the adjoining room could all note them down and make up their accounts for their several journals. The system worked admirably, greatly facilitating the labors of the reporters and also insuring a much greater degree of accuracy. The Tribune office, though not so noiselessly surrounded as some of the other newspaper offices, was thronged all the evening and night by anxious, earnest men, eager to know "how the city was going, and how about the State?"

Our artists, in their perambulations, saw some amusing scenes. In one of the lower wards, an earnest Irish Republican lugged a drunken comrade out of his cellar to insure his voting "airly." In another place a very ragged, dissipated, but independent voter, declaimed upon the glorious institution of universal suffrage, while close by an Irish woman was endeavoring to persuade her husband "not to vote the nagur, anyhow."

About midnight, a sharp little riot took place opposite the Astor House, between a Wide-Awake procession and a gang of rowdies, in which knives and pistols were used. The rowdies fought desperately, but the Wide-Awakes were too strong for them, and finally beat them ignominiously from the field.

The head-quarters of the parties exhibited scenes of great excitement during the day and night. Let us look in at

Tammany Hall.

No building in America has been so long identified as a party place of meeting as Tammany Hall. From the days when Hallock sang that

"The buck-tails are wagging in Tammany Hall,"

this temple of the Indian Saint Tammany has always been a centre of extreme excitement on election nights. Recent political differences have shorn "the old Wigwam" of much of its glory. Still on November 6 there was a large meeting, amid the cheers of which Captain Isaiah Rynders ascended the platform, announcing the Democratic majority given by the Thirteenth Ward. He then in a spirited speech discussed the probability of success, and commented on the returns from the different wards as they came in. He also spoke of the impropriety of having more names registered at a poll than can vote there. His own experience at the polls, the rumored defeat of Burlingame and summing up the returns from the different districts, and a speech on general Democratic principles, seasoned with strong language and a still stronger "anecdote" of Greeley and a colored woman, filled up the time. Finally, as the returns began to come in, more abundantly, the speaker's enthusiasm diminished. The audience had lost their fire, the room seemed perfectly stifling to any save the lungs and nostrils of a "rough;" silence stole over the Wigwam, and finally the captain descended calmly and marched off to livelier scenes, to learn if there was yet some chance of fortune's turning. By nine o'clock the old Hall was almost deserted.

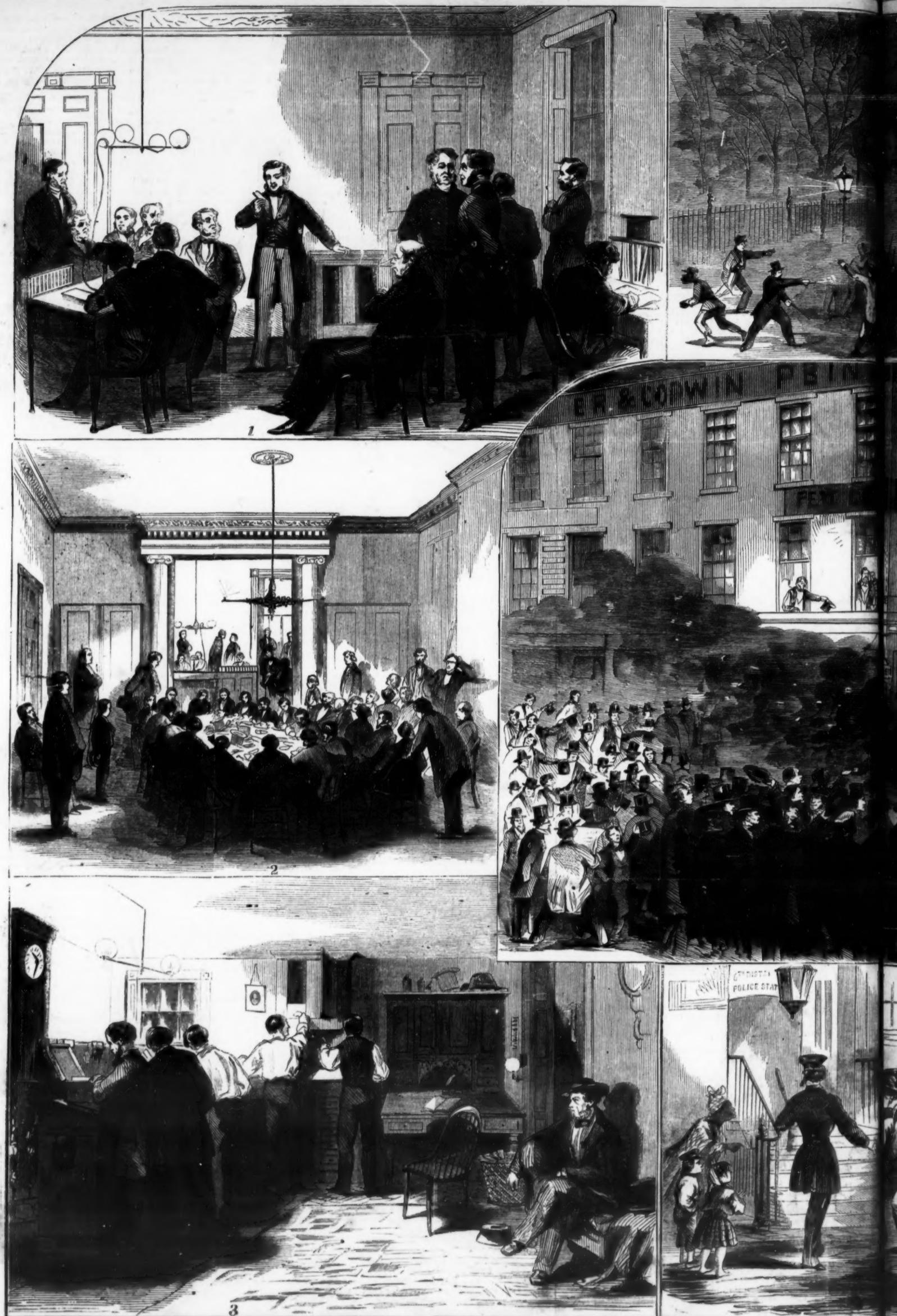
The Republican Headquarters.

This grand citadel of Republican strength in New York is situated in Broadway, opposite the Democratic New York Hotel, into the very windows of which it almost pokes a banner and at times a lantern-baring Republican majority. On election night its placarded and Lincoln-painted hall was crowded by a multitude whose devotion to Hayavanas was truly remarkable. Much busy murmuring of politics was there until the well-known form of Simeon Draper mounted the platform.

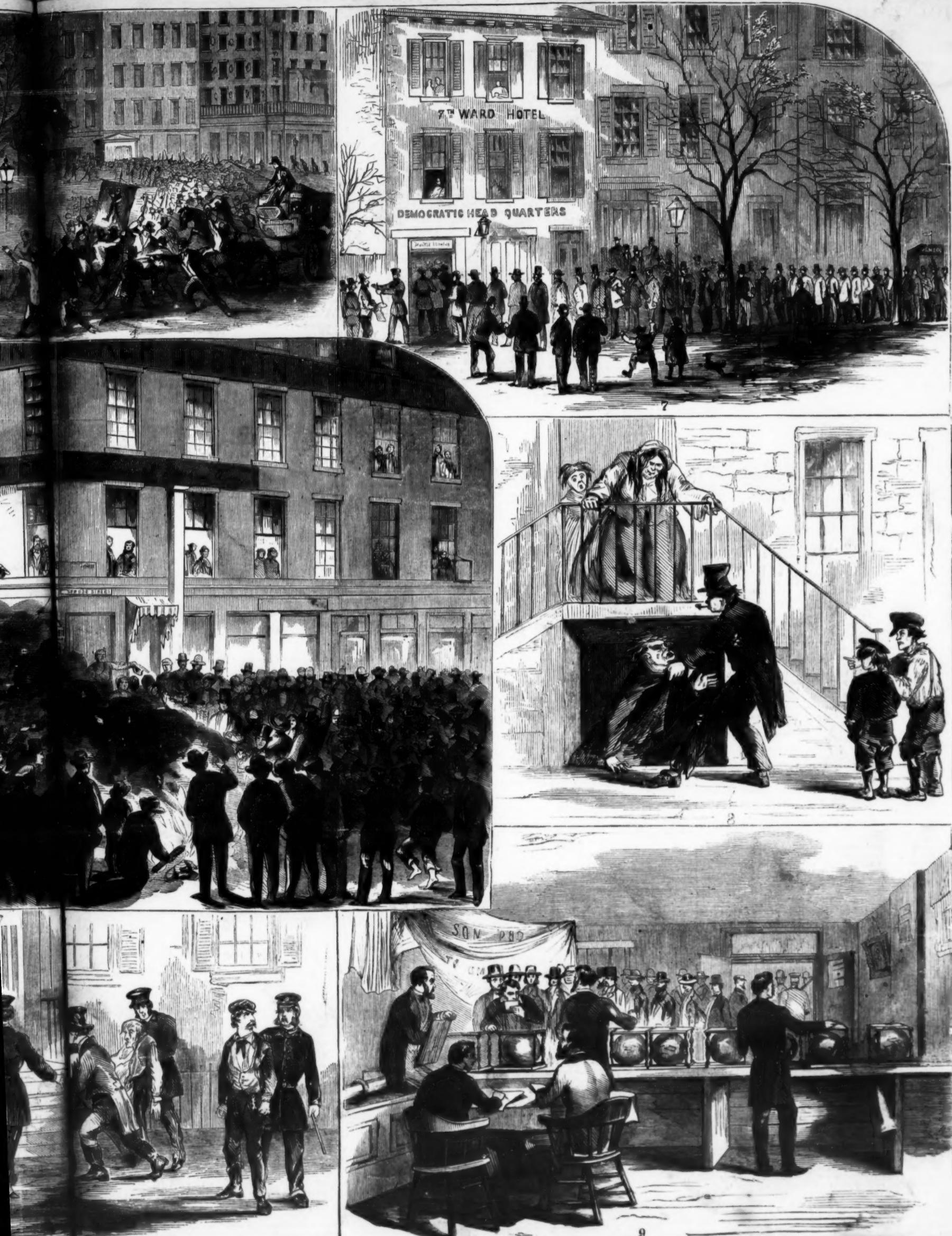
It cannot be denied that during the earlier part of the evening the Republicans were remarkably blue, and Mr. Draper was decidedly disconcerted when asked for information. The room was now crowded to its utmost extent, and Mr. Draper appeared to be making inquiries from those around him. As the crowd was waiting for some announcement, he said: "The last telegraph despatch I have is from the interior. They say that if the Fusionists do not beat us in the city by more than a hundred thousand we have got the State by considerable." This joke was received with great good humor. Previous and present majorities were then compared. The spirits of those assembled drooned, however, as some of the Democratic majorities came in, to be marvellously revived, however, by more favorable returns. Lieutenant Noble, of Wisconsin, was called out for a speech, on which he delivered one which was most decidedly witty and wicked, provoking shouts of laughter by stories and sallics, which were as "good" in one sense as bad in another. The returns from the Second, Sixth and Fourteenth Wards again cast a gloom over the meeting, which was dissipated by Draper's pointing out the fact that these indicated Republican gains. The Fourth Ward caused more wincing, again removed by more favorable reports. It was not until late in the evening that Simeon Draper removed all doubt by these words: "In every ward heard from we more than hold our own, as compared with the estimate published in the Evening Post, giving twenty-five thousand majority to the Fusionists in this city. If we hold our own throughout the city in accordance with this calculation, Abraham Lincoln, a gentleman out here in Illinois, is, beyond all question, the President of the United States." (Loud cheers and cries of "Bully for you.")

It is remarkable that at the Bell and Everett headquarters it was insisted on that there was a Fusion majority of forty-five thousand, long after both Democrats and Republicans had agreed that it would be about twenty-five thousand.

The Alexandria (Va.) Gazette says: "The present order taken by Governor Letcher of a note addressed to him from an inn in that city—order to be from the person who informed Secretary Floyd of the John Brown raid some time before it occurred—is most creditable another part of to-day's Gazette. Governor Letcher visited this city in connection with that information, and it was his advice that the military of this city last week remain their night shift, so as to be ready for efficient service whenever called upon. It is needless to say that no apprehension whatever is entertained of any movement along the lines of interference, and the advice of the Governor was only to make 'assurances doubly sure.'"



1. Headquarters of the Police; the Superintendent receiving the Returns from the Various Districts.—2. Reporters' Room in same building: making up the Returns for the Morning Papers.—3. Taking a Voter overcome by his "feelings" to the Station-House.—4. How they Voted in the Seventh Ward.—5. An Incident in the Election.—6. An Incident in the Election.—7. An Incident in the Election.—8. An Incident in the Election.



ers.—3. Police in same building; Election Returns coming in by Telegraph.—4. A Wide-Awake Procession attacked by Bowdies, opposite the Astor House.—5. The Tribune Office on the Night of the 6th; "How has the City gone?"
Ward.—6. An Irishman in care that his Friend, Tim Malone, Votes Early.—7. Interior of a Polling-Booth; Arrangements for Receiving and Depositing Votes.

PINEGROVE HALL;
OR, THE
WHITE LADY OF THE SWAMP.
A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

By M. Dana Shindler.

CHAPTER X.

It was that morning's paper which Louis had purchased in the city, and which he had not time to read. The article which attracted his notice ran in these words:

"A desperate fight took place yesterday in Rosetti's drinking-saloon, which will probably result in the death of one, and perhaps both of the combatants. A gentlemanly-looking fellow, calling himself Louis Legrange, and a low scoundrel of the name of Smith, got into a dispute over a game of cards. Pistols were drawn and fired before the bystanders could interfere. Legrange is desperately, most probably mortally wounded and the other is seriously hurt. Legrange has been in a state of delirium ever since the occurrence; but from what has escaped him there is reason to believe that he was concerned in the extensive robberies lately perpetrated in S— and surrounding country. It is said that he has just married a young lady of high respectability."

"That is news indeed," exclaimed Edward, as Charles finished reading the article. "We must go immediately to town, Charles, and find out what we can. The money he took is probably gone for ever; but I should like to have some clue to the recovery of our family plate. It takes time to get rid of such articles, and they are probably secreted somewhere. Poor Claudine Boudo! Her romantic dreams have changed into a sad reality."

"Yes," replied Charles, "I pity the girl from my heart. But her vain mother is most to blame. Claudine had fine traits of character and might have made a good woman with proper training. She was more like Tom than the others and Tom loved her more than all the rest. Yes, we must go; I would give almost any price to recover my mother's watch."

Just at this moment Tom Boudo galloped into the yard. Quick as lightning he flung himself from the horse, sprang up the steps, and entered the room where the three gentlemen had been conversing. He too held in his hand the morning's paper. Pale as death, with his lips firmly pressed together, he approached Edward.

"Can I see you alone?" said he, for he had started back when he observed the stranger.

"Certainly," replied Charles, "but there is no need. This gentleman is the real Louis Legrange, and the other is in poster."

"Then," said Tom, shaking the hand of Louis, and gazing mournfully into his honest face, "I can tell no errand. I am going to the city, to see after poor Claudine, and I came for you, Ned, to go with me. Will you go?"

"We are all going," was the reply.

They were twenty-five miles from the city, and the day was well spent, but they were soon seated in the carriage which had brought Louis from town. Fresh horses were dispatched ahead, and they reached the city in a surprisingly short time.

They drove immediately to Rosetti's for information. The wounded man had been conveyed to a neighboring boarding house of the most common description. There a sad sight met their eyes. In a filthy room, on a rickety bedstead, his head wrapped in blood stained bandages, making the ghastliness of his face more terrible by contrast, lay the once elegant young man. By his side sat Claudine, cold and motionless, gazing on him with a stony stare.

She started when she saw her brother, but did not rise to meet him. With a yearning look of deep affection he held out his arms towards her, and then she rose up, tottered forwards, fell into his arms, and they could soon hear that she was sobbing violently. Those were the first tears that she had shed.

The commotion aroused the sick man, who was apparently near his end. Slowly and languidly he turned his eyes on the four young men, but when he saw the real Louis he started, and a faint gleam came into his last glazing eyes. He tried to reach forth his hand towards him, but was too weak for the effort, but Louis approached the bed and bent down over him.

"Well, Mason," said he, in a low tone, "I am sorry for this. What can we do for you?"

The sick man tried to shake his head as if to say it was too late for human aid; he was too far gone for even that he murmured something in return. Claudine sprang to the bed when she heard his voice, and they all pressed eagerly round to try to catch his dying words. The attending physician arrived just then, administered a cordial, and then he tried again to speak. But his articulation was so far gone that it was almost impossible to catch a word, and his agonized efforts to make himself understood were painful to witness. Claudine bent low and listened.

"The swamp," said she. "Did you say the swamp?"

Feebly and slowly he bowed his head.

"He has raved about somebody in the swamp," whispered the doctor to Tom.

"What is there in the swamp?" inquired Claudine.

"She—she—die—starve!" and he shook his head in despair.

"The White Lady!" whispered Charles to Edward.

Tom Boudo now came forward, and gently lifted his sister away, for he saw that the sick man was almost gone. Then, leaning over him, he said in a low, yet perfectly distinct tone,

"If there is any one in the swamp we will search it as soon as we return. Is it a woman?"

He seemed to try to reply in the affirmative.

"Make yourself easy about that," said Tom, in the most gentle and sympathetic tone of voice, "we'll not rest till we find her."

The sick man opened wide his eyes, gave Tom a look of earnest gratitude, a slight shudder passed over his frame, and—he was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

GONE to his dread account! Let us leave him with the all merciful Father. Man judges from appearances, but God is a righteous judge. He knows the end from the beginning, and the beginning from the end. He knows what opportunities all have had, what temptations, what trials. Perhaps that poor fellow, cut off in the midst of his sins, will fare better hereafter than many a man who holds a high station in the world, or even—I tremble to write it—in the church. The tares and wheat are to grow together till the harvest. God will do all things well.

Poor Mason was dead and buried, and the young creature whom he had ruined was in a raging fever. What was to be done? Poor Tom was at his wits' end. To have her sick in a hotel or boarding-house, with none but hirelings around her, he could not think of, and well he knew the hardness of his mother's heart. She open her doors to the daughter who had profited so little by her teachings as to throw herself away on a mere adventurer! She open her arms to receive the poor, crushed, disgraced woman, though that woman were her own child! He knew she would not think of it. In this dilemma came friendship to his aid.

"Put her in the carriage, Tom, and take her to Pinegrov Hall," said Edward. "You are not in a condition to attend her, and Lucy, you know, is a capital nurse."

Tom looked steadfastly at Edward, and his large blue eyes were swimming in tears.

"I cannot expect it of your sister Ned," said he.

"No more of that, Tom," said Edward. "Lucy would never forgive me if poor Miss Claudine were to suffer for want of attention. Come, we have no time to lose."

So the poor, stricken sufferer was carried to Pinegrov Hall and Lucy received her with the utmost tenderness. Day and night did she and Laura Ford take turns in watching her; while her fashionable, worldly friends, taking their cue from the hard-hearted mother, either kept away entirely, or called to inquire of her state with a haughty, supercilious smile upon their lips. The "Miss George Marriages" were too much afraid of losing the friendship of Lucy and Laura to say much upon the subject, and so they contented themselves with calling sometimes at the door and sending in a message of inquiry. And yet they had aided and abetted the foolish girl in accomplishing her unfortunate downfall!

The proud mother sat at home in her loneliness; for Tom never left the house into which his sister had been received. She had disbanded her school upon her daughter's marriage, and this was the only sign she gave of being moved by it at all. In all other respects she appeared the same, except into church, rustling her silks and

satins as before, and kept her stony eyes fastened upon her prayer-book, while pride and anger rankled in her bosom. A close observer might occasionally have detected a slight twitching about the muscles of her face, but that was all.

Meantime there was a grand hunt going on in the swamp. For this all the young men in the neighborhood turned out, led by Edward and Charles, who were great favorites with all, and who had pledged themselves to the task.

The swamp was an extensive one, and some parts of it were almost impassable, from the nature of the ground, the quantity of water and the tremendous thickness of the undergrowth. But they pressed through all obstacles and overcame them. Dividing the swamp into portions they scoured it faithfully, and were finally rewarded.

CHAPTER XII.

EDWARD and Charles, accompanied by old Tom, were the successful party. One day, after a long, fatiguing morning, they had halted to rest in a cool, dark spot, a little islet, as it were, in the midst of the waters of the swamp or savannah. On a rising ground were clustered together several large cypress trees, forming an almost impervious shade. Their frugal dinner, put up for convenience sake in the smallest possible compass, had been spread out on the clean grass, and looked inviting enough to men who had been riding so fast and so far. There was no lack of appetite. A moment's pause—they were saying their silent grace—and then they fell to eating with a zest that was delightful to behold.

While Edward and Charles, much to the delight of old Tom, were enjoying the viands so nicely cooked by his wife, Tom started to his feet with a sudden exclamation:

"Hark! Marse Edward! Marse Charles! hark! Listen, my dear, bel-ved masters!"

The gentlemen both sprang to their feet, and caught up their guns, which were leaning against the nearest tree. But seeing nothing, hearing nothing, they inquiredly turned to Tom. He was standing with his head bent forward, in a listening attitude, and he deprecated, by a gesture, the interrogations in which he saw they were about to indulge. So they all kept silence for a while.

At length old Tom began: "My dear, blessed marsters, I heerd the distant cry of an infant baby just now, sure as you're born! That I did!"

"Hear a baby cry?" exclaimed Edward; "oh, nonsense, daddy Tom, I didn't hear anything!"

"That may be, too, Marse Ned," said Tom; "but I heerd it for all that! Sure as you're born, I heerd a weak sort of a little ent-er-in' cry somewhere. Hark! Great Marster above! That's again!"

They stood perfectly still and listened attentively; and, sure enough, they did hear something which sounded like the feeble wail of a child. What could it be? They were, as I said before, on a little islet in the swamp surrounded by water, through which they had been obliged to wade at the only spot that appeared to be practicable. But the sound, so far as they could judge, was in an opposite direction.

Across the water, in the direction of the sound, they saw a thick undergrowth which indicated land, but it seemed impervious to the approach of man or beast. Not only was there between them a wide expanse of dark and slimy water, but the tangled vines of huge proportions, interlocking each other in every direction, seemed absolutely to forbid an approach to those mysterious solitudes. Approach it they must, however, somehow or other.

Fastening their horses securely to the trees, they proceeded to construct three small rafts to convey them across the water. Plenty of logs were lying around, and they had brought ropes for just such an emergency. It was necessary to have small and separate rafts, for the cypress "knees" protruding from the water in all directions, rendered the navigation of the swamp extremely difficult.

Each man was soon upon his raft, guiding his simple craft with a pole, and threading his way with a dexterity known only to those who from their boyhood had been accustomed to explore those dark and mysterious places in search of game. They soon arrived at land, if land it might be called which was one mass of unchecked and luxuriant vegetation. It seemed impossible to penetrate the thicket. They tried one point after another, and for a long time without success, and were just about to give up in despair, concluding also that they must have been mistaken in the direction of the sound they had heard or perhaps even in the go and its self, when old Tom exclaimed that he had found a spot where he thought they might enter.

"But no human woman can be hid away in that, Marse Ned," said Tom.

"I think not myself, daddy Tom," said Edward; "but as we've taken the trouble to get this far I think we had better explore further."

"By all means, marster; I'm of that same opinion too: G'd knows what mysterious may be going on in this here out of the way place," said Tom.

"Hello!" exclaimed Charles, who had been poking about among the tangled vines, "if there isn't a cabin! Look, Ned; look, Tom."

"Where?" inquired Edward, applying his eyes to the opening which Charles had made by holding apart, with both hands, the leaves and tendrils of an evergreen vine, matted together into what seemed a solid mass.

"Look beyond that old white stump," said Charles, "a little to the right of it. Do you see it?"

"I see something," answered Edward; "but I can't exactly make it out. You know I'm a little near-sighted."

"Let me examine the place, marster," said Tom; "I've got real nigger eyes; niggers can see a heap further than white folks. Now then," he continued, as his master made way for him, "make good use of your peepers, old feller! 'cos if marster's near-sighted you ain't, no how."

Tom silently explored the wild-looking spot, and soon exclaimed,

"Yes, my bl-ssed marster, that ar's a cabin, in fact; I can just see the corner of it—two or three logs of it. But good gracious, Marse Charley, your eyes must be better than most white people has!"

"Come, Tom," said his master, "you must not be so vain; white people have keen eyes as well as you. Well, now, the next thing is to cut our way to the cabin, and see what we can find there."

Tom's knife and hatchet were out in an instant, and, begging the two gentlemen to stand aside, he went vigorously to work upon the living wall of evergreen and soon had an ample passage cleared. But their progress was arrested at almost every step, and they had internally to cut their way to the spot where the cabin stood.

They reached it at length. It was a most dismasted affair, almost a ruin; and, as they approached it at the back part, no sign of life met their eyes. They reached the front and found the door ajar. All was quiet as the grave, and, as if awed by some mysterious influence, not one of the exploring party spoke a word. Charles was the first to push open the door and to enter. But he started back at the sight which met his eyes.

CHAPTER XIII.

CRUCHED in one corner of the miserable hut was a woman, emaciated and pale, with the exception of one bright hectic spot upon each cheek. Her eyes gleamed with an unnatural fire, and her long black hair fell in dishevelled masses over her wearily turned shoulders. At her feet, on a little pallet, lay a sleeping infant.

She turned upon the intruders a scowl of defiance, and half rose to her feet, bending over the child and stretching forth her arms as if to protect it from harm. As the two young men approached her, there was something in her countenance which arrested their footsteps, and they stood irresolute, scarcely knowing how to soothe her.

At length Edward spoke.

"We are your friends," said he, in a kind and soothing tone of voice; "will you not go with us and let us take care of you?"

She made no reply, but, still keeping her fiery black eyes fixed upon the intruders, she lifted the child from its bed, pressed it to her bosom, and sank back into the corner as if exhausted.

The two young men sat down upon an old bench which stood near the door, and began to consult together as to what had best be done.

"Probably she understands no English," said Edward. "Lizzy told Lucy that the woman who came to Pinegrov couldn't speak a word of English, and that this is the woman there cannot be a doubt."

"No doubt on that point, of course," replied Charles; "but how full of mystery the whole thing is! Why did he bring that poor creature here at all?"

In the meantime Tom's eyes, of which he had so much boasted,

had not been idle. Standing stock-still behind the bench on which the two gentlemen sat, he peered into this corner and into that, now fastening his gaze under an old table, and now upon the smoky mantelpiece.

At length he gave vent to his feelings in sundry subdued sounds, expressive partly of surprise and partly of delight. Both of the young men turned on him at the same moment an inquiring gaze.

"Bless th' great Marster!" he exclaimed, in a loud whisper.

"What for, T m?"

"For restoring our family silver, Marse Edward!" said Tom, solemnly.

"Silver? I don't see any."

"Ah, Marse Ned, you ain't got my eyes, that thar's a fact," said Tom. "Look yonder, and yonder, and yonder!" he continued, pointing in three different directions. "Can't you see the shine of em? Bless the great Marster!"

Their eyes followed the directions in which he pointed, and they were soon convinced that Tom's eyes had not deceived him, but that they were in truth remarkably searching eyes. Edward rose, went to a hanging shelf and took down several articles which he saw there, keeping one eye meanwhile upon the poor woman in the corner, that he might observe how she was affected by his movements.

But she gave no heed to him, and was now gazing down upon her infant, who was awake and taking its natural food. Every now and then she murmured, in a foreign tongue, some words, which, from their tone of fondness, were the sweet outpourings of a mother's love. It was only when they approached the corner in which she sat that her countenance changed, and she scowled upon them and held the infant closer to her breast, as if she feared they would take it from her.

Seeing her thus passive, they began in reality to search the cabin. Their search was well rewarded, for they found not only the watch, about the loss of which Charles had been so troubled, but all the Pinegrov treasure. The money taken from Edward's bureau was, of course, not forthcoming.

"How does the poor creature live, I wonder?" said Charles; "I don't see any food here."

"There are some dry crusts of bread on the table," said Edward; "but she looks nearly starved for all that. Probably Mason means to return and to see her. He could hardly be devil enough to leave her and her child to die by inches."

At the sound of his name she started to her feet and uttered a few hurried words, which, from their tone, they supposed to be a question. The young men looked at her compassionately, and shook their heads in token of their inability to give her any information. They might have told her by signs the tale of his death, but they had not the heart to do it, and in fact, they wished to keep her as quiet as possible till they could devise some plan for her removal.

Finding that her question was unanswered, the poor creature uttered a sound between a scream and a sob, sank back again into her corner, and with low moanings rocked herself to and fro.

CHAPTER XIV.

THEY left the cabin that they might deliberate more freely. But first they resolved to explore the place and see if they could not find some easy mode of access to it. From the very cabin door, running diagonally down a slight declivity, they perceived a little path; this they determined to follow.

It led, as they supposed, to the water, for the cabin stood on one of the islets with which the swamp abounded. There, moored in a little thicket, and quite hidden from sight, they found a good canoe, and just at that spot the waters of the swamp looked like a peaceful lake, without the unsightly cypress "knees" which abounded elsewhere. It was decided that Tom should be left at the cabin for that night, and that one of the young men should return to the spot where they had left their horses, while the other should take the canoe and get to Pinegrov Hall the best way he could. This was resolved upon that they might be able to bring assistance as soon as possible in the morning, and they concluded that this side of the islet was probably not far from the main road.

When Tom understood the arrangement he looked very solemn indeed.

"Marse Ned," said he, in a very hesitating way, "don't you think—that is, don't you reckon that that White Lady can—call—?"

"Can what, T m?" Out with it, man!"

"Can stay that by herself just one more night?"

"Oh fie, Tom!" exclaimed his master. "You are not afraid, are you?"

"Not reazly that thar, marster," said Tom. "But she looks so kind o' unnatural like—she don't seem like a human. And then, marster, she might die on my hands."

"Your ideas are rather confused, Tom," said his master. "If she isn't human she won't die—but if you are afraid, we'll make some other arrangement."

"I don't like to confess that I am afraid, marster," said Tom, "but I believe I sort-of am. But please, my dear marster," he whispered, "don't go for to tell Prie."

"No, I won't tell her," replied Edward laughing, "for if I did we'd none of us ever hear the last of it. But since you are afraid, Tom, Charles or I will stay with the poor woman. Shall I stay, Charles?"

"Just as you think best, Ned."

"Well, let me stay, then, and you go back to Pinegrov. Tell Lucy to send what is needful; we'll try to get the poor creature away from this place. Come back as soon as you can in the morning, and be sure to bring Louis with you; I think it is Spanish this woman speaks, and he understands that language thoroughly. Mason probably brought the poor forlorn creature from Havana; or, perhaps, like a true woman, she followed the man she loved."

CHAPTER XV.

CHARLES and Tom were soon on their way to Pinegrov Hall. Left alone, Edward Ab-ton sat for awhile on the greenward near the water, and indulged himself in a profound, though not very pleasing reverie. The singular events of the last few months passed in review before him. The deep solitude around him, the wild strange scenery, the tangled undergrowth, the dense shadows cast by the giant trees, the black-looking water spread out before him, all lent their sombre influence to his thoughts which finally settled down upon the poor lone creature in the cabin. "What must she not have suffered

lifted it over the top, and, with a laugh of triumph, sprang into the boat.

Edward was there in an instant. She must not escape him thus. She had pushed off from shore when she sprang into the boat, but the rope still floated almost within reach. By the aid of a pole Edward seized it and began slowly to pull the boat towards him, when an unearthly shriek passed his hand, and he dropped the rope, though he regained it in a moment.

Her large black eyes were fixed upon him with a fiery glare, and she clasped her infant to her breast, and gathered herself together as if about to spring into the water. While he remained perfectly quiet, she would appear to be somewhat reassured by the pitying expression of his noble countenance, but the moment she discovered the slightest pull upon the rope she was all on fire again, and seemed as ready as ever to spring into the peaceful bosom of the water.

(To be continued.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It would seem as though the election had so occupied the mental and physical energies of our citizens, that it had caused a great diminution in the police report.

A NEW YORK printer, named Fusco, who had once worked on the New York *Tribune*, was lately engaged by the Charleston *Mercury*, and proceeded there to set to. As he was walking one evening he fell into conversation with two men, to whom he unwittingly mentioned the fact of his having once worked on the *Tribune*. He was immediately arrested and locked up in prison, and although the proprietors of the Charleston *Mercury* offered to be responsible for his soundness on the gose question, he was ordered to leave the State on penalty of having a flogging. He, consequently, had to sacrifice his employment and return to the North. It is such foolish acts as these that have elected Abraham Lincoln.

The Hon. Henry L. Meeks, while conversing with Ex-Governor King in his house, at Jamaica, on the evening of the 6th, was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy and immediately expired. Political excitement is supposed to have been the cause. He was much esteemed by his neighbors.

The "Saints," on the 6th of October, opened the Semi-Annual Conference, which lasted two days, and was attended by the most prominent members of the Church. On the second day, Elder Orson Hyde delivered a lengthy discourse, and gave his views on the present political condition of the United States. He predicted that the Union would be dissolved, that the negroes would be let loose upon their master, that the South would be compelled to call in aid from some other quarter, and concluded by prophesying a great and terrible day of wrath for this country for their injustice to the Mormons. The Conference was the largest ever held in the city, some 13,000 persons having attended it.

ERIA BRAINARD was hung on the 25th at the Three Rivers, Canada West. His crime was midnight. There is little doubt but that the poor wretch was insane. He died very hard.

The cashier of the Boone County Bank has been arrested, with several others, charged with forgery, and circulating counterfeit money. It is supposed that these parties have circulated from \$300,000 to \$500,000 in counterfeit bills of the Boone County Bank in Indiana, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri. \$45,000 in genuine notes were issued by the Auditor of the State. The spurious and genuine notes are from the same plate, while the Auditor's and Register's name are counterfeited on the former. A Spooner, President of the Bank, made his escape, about \$100,000 of this counterfeit have been received by the bankers from correspondents in the West.

FALCONER, the street preacher, was arrested again last Sunday, for preaching in the open air, but as the arrest was made on a Sunday, and as the offence is only a misdemeanor, Judge Welsh dismissed the complaint.

On the 3d November, an aged lady, Mrs. Feathersgill, fell from the window of her house, corner of Forty-third street and Eleventh avenue, and was killed on the spot.

On Saturday, the most persistent and violent rain storm that has visited us for years came upon New York. The rain was a perfect deluge, and the river steamers remained at anchor till the following morning. Business was entirely suspended, and the streets were washed clean.

A MAN named J. H. Hull was brought before Recorder Tilden the other day, with attempting to kidnap a young girl in the employ of Mr. Chazotte, merchant, in Montgomery street, Jersey City. An investigation of the facts showed that the accused was endeavoring to get the girl to leave Mr. Chazotte's employ, in order, as he alleged, to get larger wages in New York. The prisoner was discharged on promise of vacating the State. Recorder Tilden should not have let the fellow off so easily. There is no offence graver than the seduction of innocence, although it is not considered so by the stern sex.

Quite a stir was created in Winona, Minn., a few days ago, by the elopement of a young married woman with a couple of strangers. She was not living happily with her husband, and happening to meet these strangers at her mother's, where she was staying over night, she concluded to go off with them, and so she did, carrying with her a large quantity of wearing apparel and numerous articles of domestic utility, which she thought she might need. As soon as he was informed of the fact, her husband started after the trio, revolver in hand. He overtook the party at La Crosse, Wis., induced his faithless wife to return home, and had one of the young men arrested on a charge of attempting to get a supper at a restaurant without paying for it. The best of the joke is, that while the husband was at the police-station complaining against the young man, his wife eloped with the other, and has hitherto escaped detection! Truly the ways of women are wonderful!

It is very customary to hear a Philadelphian, whose intellect is certainly not the most expansive in the world, declare that there are no crimes in that rectangular city to mention; yet it is not possible to open one of their papers but abounds in them. On Saturday last the First Ward was the scene of two murders, one was committed by a man named Sullivan upon another Irishman named Camac. They had, it appears a quarrel of some standing, and meeting on that day, a fight was the result, in which Camac was killed. The same afternoon a brutal murder was committed in a tavern, corner of Second and James's street. Noah Mick and Wm. Golcher had been in the tavern several hours. While there, politics, wrestling and treating were discussed, and the parties got very much excited. Finally, Golcher proposed to whip Mick, both parties being very much intoxicated. Mick seemed indisposed to quarrel, and contended himself with declaring that he knew Golcher had a spit against him. Thus they continued with the war of words until Golcher knocked Mick down, and then kicked him about the face, neck and head until he was dead. So soon as he discovered that his opponent was no more, Golcher fled, and up to a late hour the police had not succeeded in effecting his arrest. Mick, the deceased, leaves a wife and two children. Both the deceased and Golcher were engaged in trucking.

The San Francisco correspondent of the New York *World*, under date of October 17th, writes: "The gallant Col. F. W. Lander, of overland wagon road expedition celebrity, has just been joined in the bands of wedlock with the distinguished and favorite actress, Miss Jane M. Davenport. The Rev. Thomas Starr King officiated at the ceremony, which took place in this city on Saturday evening last, Oct. 13th. The happy couple started immediately on an overland expedition to San Jose, to pass the honeymoon at one of the delightful retreats in that valley. It is understood that Mrs. Lander will retire from the stage immediately upon the completion of her present engagements on the Atlantic coast. It seems that the attachment between the Colonel and Miss Davenport was a matter of long standing. From the statements of those who seem to be well posted on the subject, it appears that the lady is 'well to do' in a worldly sense. Her fortune is estimated at from \$75,000 to \$100,000. We may say with the poet, 'after life's fitful fever she weds well.'

The Washington *Star* gives a very graphic account of the freshet in the Potowmack. The water rose three feet above high water, and great fears were entertained that the damage would be very extensive. No lives were lost.

A MASS meeting was held in Hoboken on the 5th November at the City Hotel, which was attended by the leading Democrats of that picturesque little city. Edwin A. Stevens was in the chair, supported by T. Dunn Little, Gov. Morton, and other influential inhabitants. Gov. Walker (Kansas fame) then addressed the meeting in a very argumentative manner, accompanied by the advice to vote the Union Ticket. How well Jersey did it we all know.

A BURGLAR was killed the other night at Newburyport by a policeman. He was attempting to break into a house. He was a man. He died as he was being conveyed to the station-house, the shot having penetrated his heart.

An English paper says: "The other day, a member of the constabulary force, named Horan, stationed at Crosshaven, eloped with the daughter of a farmer from that neighborhood, and the happy pair are probably by this time on the high seas bound for New York. The officer did not think it necessary to advertise the Inspector-General of the step which he has taken. The lady also provided herself with the expenses of the flight, to the amount of £50, her father's property, without his knowledge."

WHILE we are quoting English foibles, let us give the following from the *Hampshire Chronicle*: "Considerable consternation has been caused in the Camp at Aldershot by the issuing of the following memorandum, by order of Lieutenant-General Fane, the General Commanding: 'Men—The Lieutenant-General wishes that general officers commanding brigades at their half-yearly inspection will direct their particular attention to the length of the whiskers of the officers and men. The Lieutenant-General has observed that some officers of the division have whiskers of most unusual size and length. By order, J. W. Armstrong, Assistant Adjutant-General.' This would apply to the cashiers of some New York Publishers. Still, how absurd of our English cousins!"

THE CAT Hall, on the 7th, was the scene of a most disgraceful fracas. A man named Byrnes, who holds some city office, violently abused Mr. Calahan, who has recently been elected Assemblyman. These two ornaments of our municipal institutions met at a high-toned building, in the course of which an innocent bystander received the compliment of a black eye. Mr. Byrnes should, we think, receive some mark of pugilistic distinction.

COURT BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARD.

THE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—This affair was brought to a happy conclusion on Wednesday, October 31, and resulted in Kavanagh winning the first prize and Tieman the second. The score of the game stood, at the conclusion of the contest, Kavanagh, four; Tieman, three; Lynch, two; White, one; Geary, none.

The only game of the afternoon, and concluding one of the tournament proper, was played on Wednesday afternoon by Messrs. Tieman and Kavanagh. The programme was slightly varied on this occasion by Mr. Mrs. Lynch and Geary, who were to play the first of the two concluding games, reserving all pretensions to the prize, and allowing Kavanagh and Tieman to finish the contest with game of 1,000 points, instead of the usual 60. This was the exciting game of the tournament, and the spectators, numb ring some eight hundred, in their anxiety to see, mounted the adjacent tables, cing to the bannisters of the stairway, and invested every available point where half a sight could be had. Kavanagh won the lead, from which Tieman failed to count. Kavanagh also missed his next shot, when Tieman commenced with a run of 55, followed by his antagonist with precisely the same number.

Tieman gradually crept ahead, until, at the sixteenth inning, the score was—

Item, n. 438; Kavanagh, 196; a difference of 240 points in favor of Cincinnati. Things were looking blue for New York, but about this time a "change came over the spirit of the game." On the twenty-first inning, Kavanagh, by a run of 95, placed the score—Tieman, 488; Kavanagh, 329. On the twenty-second inning, Kavanagh ran 142, reducing the odd- to 60 points. This odds he overcame on the twenty-ninth play by a run of 118, placing himself 81 points in advance; following his last run with a still better one of 144 points, he made the score—Kavanagh, 866; Tieman, 659; placing himself 209 points in advance, thus in fourteen innings gaining 249 points!

From this point Kavanagh increased his lead slightly, until, on the thirty-fourth innings, game was called, the score being—Kavanagh, 1,000; Tieman, 746; New York winning by 254 points. The applause at the conclusion was deafening, and the congratulations to the victor were of the kind he will always remember. Tieman bore his defeat with extreme good nature, and said that had he won the prize over such playing as Kavanagh's, he would have considered it the proudest trophy of his billiard career.

Thus ended the tournament proper. But on the succeeding afternoon, or rather evening, Mr. Phelan, according to previous arrangement, played a complimentary game with Mr. Kavanagh, be winner of the first prize.

There were present on the occasion about three hundred ladies, with a proper sprinkling of the sterner sex, and at half-past five o'clock the game commenced. The presence of so many "lady ladies" naturally distract ed, or perhaps, attracted the attention of the players, and the first part of the game was slow; but soon the spirit of rivalry asserted its sway, and after about an hour and a half's play, Mr. Phelan was declared winner by 60 points in a game of 750. Mr. Phelan is much out of practice, but an examination of the runs will show that his steadiness had not deserted him. The principal runs are as follows: For Kavanagh, 49, 36, 148, 43, 57, 33; Phelan, 36, 61, 39, 55, 46, 75, 74, 60, 68, 51, 58.

On Friday afternoon the prizes were presented to the fortunate winners at Mr. Phelan's room, corner of Tenth street. Mr. Wilkes was selected to make the awards, and a select party being assembled, he, addressing Mr. Kavanagh, spoke as follows:

"Sir—it is my pleasant duty to present to you, on behalf of the gentlemen who have instituted the tournament in which you have excelled, the beautiful testimonial of the skill and superiority you have exhibited in your profession.

"You will find it no unworthy or inadequate reward. Though simple in its shape, it bears a value which cannot be measured by the ordinary rules of cost, for it records a merit that places you at the head of honorable rivalry, and confers upon you, to a fair extent, the position of a champion.

"I need say nothing here in the way of historical allusion to dignify the Art at which you have achieved your victory. It is of ancient origin, and the good and great of every age have thought it not unworthy to be patronized by them as a family institution. Philosophers and monarchs have made it their pastime, and the private billiard-table of our virtuous Washington stands a model to us to-day, among the curiosities of the nation, a vindication, through him of the healthful, moral, as well as physical influences of the game. Even he would, doubtless, have been proud of such a victory as yours, and have treasured this prize as among the most graceful triumphs of his life. But, sir, you have nearer and more immediate examples to inspire you with a due appreciation of this token, and you will find it doubly deserving of acceptance, because of the honorable hands from which it may be said to have descended. Your preceptor, Michael Phelan, and no act of the many by which he is accounted his professional position became him more than has the method which he has selected to lay his claim to. The tournament will be instituted, and which has made you virtually the heir of his renown, has him mixed prominently with its other purposes, and it can not be but a source of great satisfaction to him that the laurels of the occasion should have descended upon his friend and favorite pupil. Accept, then, this cup as a most worthy tribute to the devotion, skill, courage and great patience, which have combined to raise you so high in your profession, and regard it as your greatest fortune that you have been first victor in the initial event of a series of contests, which are destined to be historical in their character and permanent from this day forth. Let us hope, as is designed by Mr. Phelan and his party, that these friendly and improving rivalries may be made annual, and that the prizes, as in this case, be not advancements of coin, but something of far graver significance and value—signs, in short, that to the encouragement of the admiration of mankind, expressed by proper symbols, is better wth having than their wages. With these remarks, sir, I beg you to accept of this as the tournament's first prize."

Considerable applause followed the conclusion of those remarks, which having subsided, Mr. Wilkes turned next to the Champion of Cincinnati:

"To you, sir," said Mr. W., "I have the pleasure of handing the second reward for merit exhibited in the recent tournament. It is of a character like the first, but can hardly be said to be of a secondary value, for it is the work of a great master, cordially contributed by him, and should suggest that the skill which was equal to its acquisition could not be wanting from the loftiest reputation. On the contrary, the possession of this almost magic cup of M. Berger should inspire fresh exertions, and bring you to the next year's tournament, seeking the highest honors with redoubled confidence and ardor. Sufficient, however, is your credit now. A homely maxm tells us that when two antagonists contend but one can win, and the fortune of war must leave the best of us contented sometimes with a second place. Bear in mind, however, while in possession of this trophy, that the tournament of which it was one of the rewards was instituted under the joint auspices of the distinguished billiard champions of France and the United States, and that he who is capable of earning in such noble lists the reward and applause of either of them, has everything to be proud of and nothing to regret."

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"You may, therefore, bear away with you to your distant home the wand of the champion of France, and in taking it as yours, you can justly recognize it as worthy of your efforts, and not unworthy of being gathered among the other honorable trophies of the West."

The following replies were then read by Mr. Kavanagh, first for himself and next for the players at the tournament, in acknowledgment of the kindness of Messrs. Phelan & Colleagues, in furnishing the room for the play. Mr. Tieman followed Mr. Kavanagh in a few modest words, and after a further presentation of a twenty-dollar gold piece, which had been subscribed, as a reward to the intelligent lad who had made the champion grieve, the audience adjourned.

REPLY OF MR. DUDLEY KAVANAGH.

"Mr. Wilkes—in receiving the cup from your hands, it is necessary that I should return you my thanks, as the person selected for the duty of delivering this to you, and also that I should express my sincere thanks to these gentlemen whose gift it is, and who have done so much for billiards (Messrs. Phelan & Colleagues). To my competitors, and to those other persons who cheered me with their presence on the occasion of the recent tournament, and of which this is to me, at least—a most pleasing termination. If accepting this beautiful and valuable souvenir, allow me, gentlemen, to express the wish that the beautiful game of billiards, for which at an early age I imbued an affection, may become more and more popular, and receive a fresh impetus from the recent friendly meeting, which I shall always revert to as one of the most pleasant reminiscences of the past. In conclusion, gentlemen, allow me to say, I thank you—sincerely thank you, and permit me to add the following:

"We, the unprivileged, competitors in the late billiard tournament, cannot separate without expressing to Messrs. Phelan & Colleagues our full appreciation of their liberality and tendering to them our heartfelt thanks for their kindness and courtesy, in devoting to us the use of a splendid room and one of their unrivaled tables, and to Mr. Phelan, personally, we paid our united acknowledgments to him in rendering the noble game of billiards, what it is fast becoming—the best and most popular amusement of the age."

"THE KAVANAGH,"
"JAS. N. WHITE,"
"M. GEARY,"
"JAS. LYNCH."

TIEMAN'S REPLY.

"Sir—I am not given to speculating, and can only say, in reply to your kind words, that I am very proud to be the recipient of even the second prize of this tournament. I shall always look upon this cup as a trophy, and shall use my best endeavors at the tournament next year to take with me the first prize."

Mr. Phelan, being called upon for a speech, said, "Gentlemen, I am entirely unprepared to make a speech, not expecting to be called upon. I can only say that the manner in which the recent tournament has passed off has afforded me great satisfaction, and to all those gentlemen who honored the exhibition with their presence, as well as to those who now bear me, I return my sincere thanks."

Some gentleman proposing a speech from "the poorest player in the tournament," Mr. Geary took it upon himself to reply, which he did by saying that, like the Irish man in the play, what he ought to say required "a date of mighty nice consideration." If he had only been fortunate enough to have taken one of the prizes, he would have had nerve enough to make a speech. Under existing circumstances, he would respectfully take a "back seat."

THE BILLIARD SENSATION.—The whole affair, probably, did not leave a disappointment upon a single mind, except, perhaps, that nearly all who were present during the entire play could not but feel a natural regret that the elegant play of Mr. Lynch did not meet with some practical reward. He received, however, full compensation from the silent approbation of the audience, and the general impression was that, had his health not been so feeble, he would have proved a most formidable competitor for the first honors of the occasion.—*Wicks' Spirit of the Times*.

M. BEGON is now giving afternoon exhibitions for ladies at Lynch's Room, Union square (the same place where the recent tournament was held). These exhibitions are very select, gentlemen accompanied by ladies only being admitted.

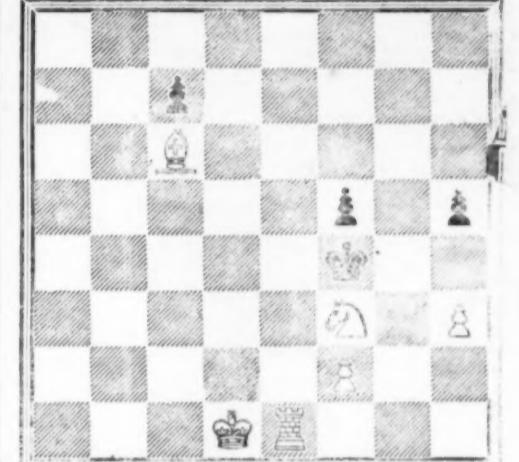
The crowded state of this column for this week prevents us giving any diagrams. Next week, however, some very interesting ones will be presented.

CHESS.

All communications and newspaper intended for the Chess Department may be addressed to T. Price, Office of Home Life Insurance Co., 16 Wall St., N. Y.

PROBLEM NO. 272.—By C. P. J., Kalamazoo, Mich. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.

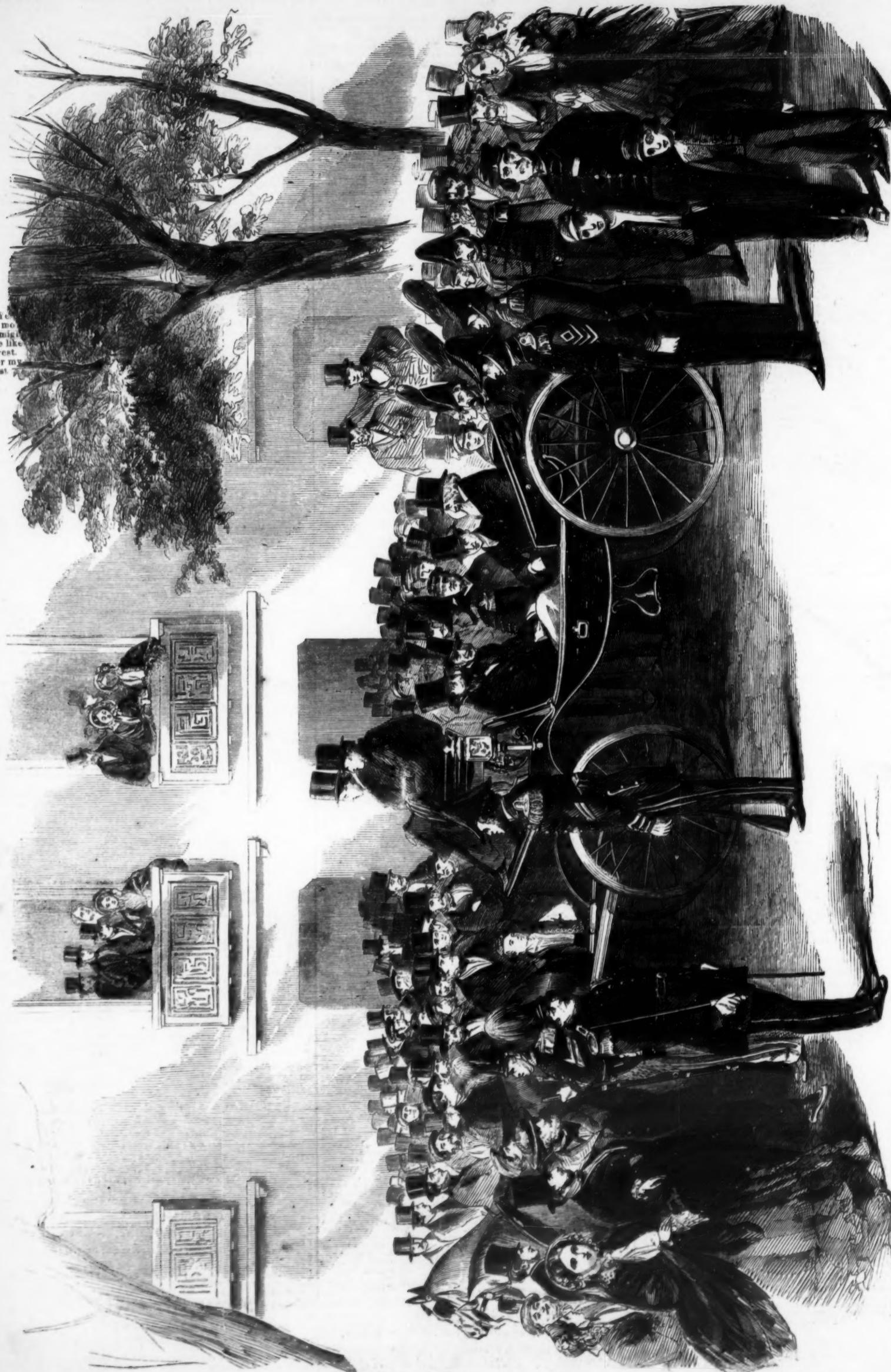


To CORRESPONDENTS.—We wish to call the attention of correspondents to the alteration of our address as recorded at the head of the Chess article. We shall be happy to see any and all of our Chess friends and correspondents at any hour during the day, from nine until four o'clock, at 16 Wall street, office of the Home Life Insurance Company, whenever they may find it convenient to call. In future all communications should be addressed as above—W. G. Boston, Mass. Have received yours with inclosure for "Murphy's Games." D. F. Please write or call as above.

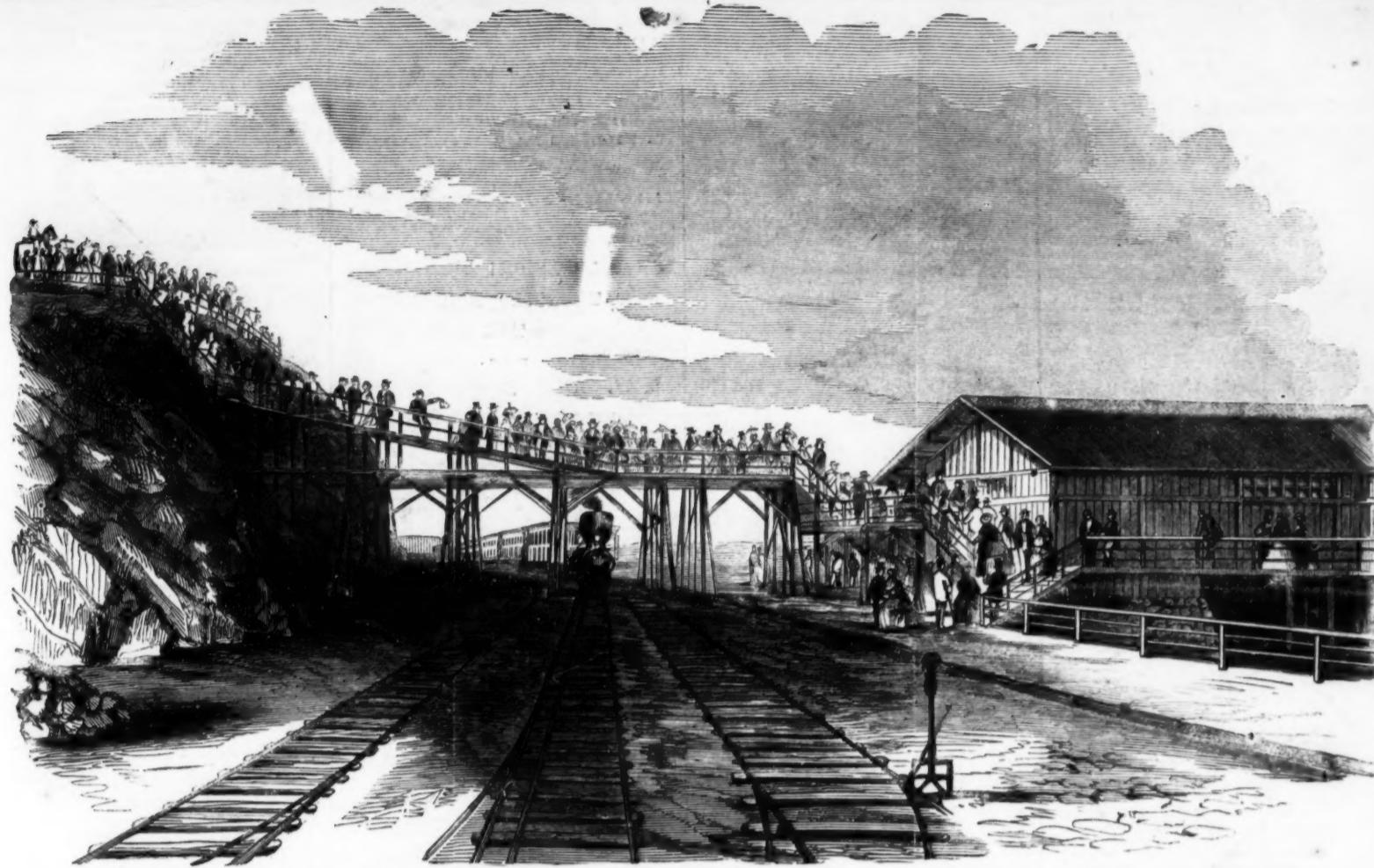
CHESSE TOURNAMENT.—The lists are now open for the third free Chess Tournament, at the Murphy Chess Rooms, corner of Broadway and Fourth street. First prize, large size portrait of Paul Murphy, by Gurney. Second prize, "Staunton's Chess Praxis." All players are invited to join this trial of skill without charge. Play to commence November 10th.

GAMES in the Tournament of the St. James's Club, between Messrs. F. Isaac and Burns.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. B.	Mr. D.	Mr. B.	Mr. D.
1 P to K 4	P to K 1 3	34 Q to Q 2	K to K 2
2 P to Q 4	B to K 2 3	35 Q to Q B 3	K to K 1 sq
3 P to Q 3	P to K 3	36 B to K B 2	K to K 1 q
4 P to K B 4	K to K 1 to K 2	37 B to Q Kt 2	K to B 2
5 Kt to K B 3	P to Q B 4	38 Q to Q 2	K to B 2
6 P to Q 5	P to Q 3	39 Q to Q 6	



THE PRINCE OF WALES, LORD LYONS AND DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, WITH MAYOR HOWARD, PASSING THROUGH PORTLAND, ME., IN THE MAYOR'S CARRIAGE, TO THE GREAT EASTERN DOCK, TO EMBARK FOR ENGLAND, ESCORTED BY THE VOLUNTEER TROOPS OF MAINE, OCTOBER 23, 1860.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURNHAM BROS., PORTLAND, ME.



THE VICTORIA DOCK, AT PORTLAND, ME., ORIGINALLY ERECTED FOR THE GREAT EASTERN SHIP, AS IT APPEARED A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN PORTLAND.

The last days of the Prince of Wales in this country cannot but be of decided interest to all. We give a few of the closing sketches of his tour which ended at Portland, Maine. Although it was known that he was merely to pass from the railroad depot to the Great Eastern dock, from whence he would immediately embark, notwithstanding this fact, his reception was most cordial and enthusiastic. At the depot he was loudly cheered, and was received by Mayor Howard, the members of the City Council and a large number of Canadian and British officers.

The Prince rode in the Mayor's barouche, with the Mayor, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons, the royal suite following in five other carriages. They were escorted by the First Regiment, under command of Colonel Smeat, consisting of the following companies: Portland Mechanic Blues, Portland Light Infantry, Portland Light Guard, Portland Rifle Guard, and the Portland Rifle Corps, which latter acted as body guard, and by the Nor-

way Light Infantry, Lewiston Light Infantry, and the Auburn Artillery, with several bands of music.

The National flag and the flag of England were displayed from the public buildings, and towering high in the air they waved in union from the gallery of the Observatory. The whole scene was one of absorbing interest, and was animated and brilliant. The smart breezes made the waters of the harbor full of motion; numberless steamers and barges were moving about, the regular squadron with yards manned, their broadsides belching a royal salute, the shouting crowd on the dock, and finally the Prince and suite waving their adieux from the Royal barge, completed a scene of excitement and interest but rarely witnessed in the good city of Portland.

RESIDENCE OF THE HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

THE simple home of this American Statesman, and President

Elect of the United States, is situated on the corner of Eighth and Edward streets, and here he has resided twenty years out of the three and twenty he has been a dweller in Springfield. It stands on a sort of platform of brickwork, and is two stories high, having two windows on each side of the door and five on the upper story. The side view shows that it has an extension and side entrance, with a receding stoop running the whole length of the extension. In the rear are the stables and barn. The edifice is painted of a pale chocolate color, and the window blinds are of deep green. The roof extends a little over the edges, like that of a Swiss cottage. The rooms are elegantly and comfortably furnished with strong, well-made furniture, made for use and not for show. On the front door is a black door plate, on which, in silvered Roman characters, is inscribed the magical name,

"A. LINCOLN."

Here dwells the great exponent of Republicanism and the victor of Stephen A. Douglas in 1858. It has no ornaments, no



THE OBSERVATORY AND SQUARE IN PORTLAND, ME., AS THEY APPEARED ON THE DAY OF THE RECESSION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.

Awful Revelations!

DELIGHTFUL DETAILS.

Expose in the Highest Circles!

LUSCIOUS! SPICY RACY!

GET OUT YOUR SPOONS!

GO IT!

DEMOCRACY DONE FOR!

FUSION CONFOUNDED!

OLD ABE NOWHERE!

OR ANY OTHER MAN!

Frank Leslie's
BUDGET OF FUN,

NOV. 15.

Positively and unequivocally removes the dilapidated linen from the shrubbery of all rivalry and tops the lightning rods.

It actually contains that world-renowned picture of the

SMOTHERING OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRINCES.

It really has a frightful editorial on Excitemen, calculated to banish slumber for weeks from the pillow of the quietest conscience.

It cannot be denied that it has a Foreign Correspondence full of delightful scandal and outrageous personalities, rolled up in a vein of stupendous drollery.

Political Cut & Democracy.
The swell who puffed up the Cigar Stump.
The Lady who had been Kissed on the Roof.
How now the put a College Education.
The Heenan Club and the Old Lady.
The Dirty Little Snob (Poem).
People who didn't see.
The Comic Lemon.
Negro Comic-Liters.
Scenes of the Campaign.
Voting for a Pretty Miss.
The Peanut Trade (a tall article!).
And the Great Pictures out on the Renfrew Ball.THE ANTEDILUVIAN BALL OF THE FOOLS OF SOCIETY, OR THE HALT, THE LAME AND THE SUPERANNUATED DOING HONOR TO THE FOOR YOUNG PRINCE.
And finally,

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST!

A couple who were present at the Renfrew Ball. A Sensation Pic.

Read the Following

FROM the well-known Captain of the Steamer Fulton:

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 3, 1860.
Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell.—Sir—I am urged by my wife to report to you a cure your Sarsaparilla has made in our family, and as it is the only way in which we can make you any acknowledgment of our gratification, I will proceed to state. My little son, eleven years old, has had Scrofula sores on his ears, neck and arms for five years. They were much of the time very distressing, and we feared they would kill him. At first a swelling would appear, then it would break and make a running sore, which would not heal. They became very loathsome and often painful; they stopped his growth and seemed to undermine his health, so that he became feeble and sickly. We tried Physicians and Medicines, but they did no good. A clergyman in our neighborhood who had seen some remarkable cures by your Berry Pectoral, advised us to try your Sarsaparilla, and we did. The smallest sores showed symptoms of healing in about two weeks; in two more they had healed, and in two months the child was as well as anybody. He now enjoys perfect health, with no remnant of the disorder about him that we can discover. If you, Sir, are a parent, you may well believe that we shall not soon forget you.

Very truly, your humble servant,

Jno. W. BATES.

Approved by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

258-59

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